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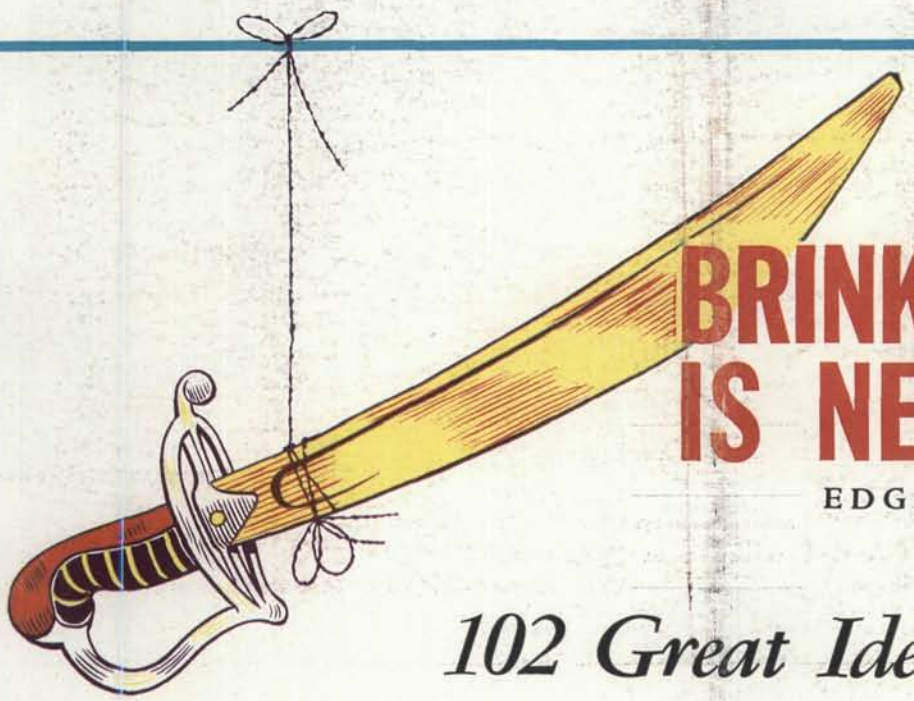

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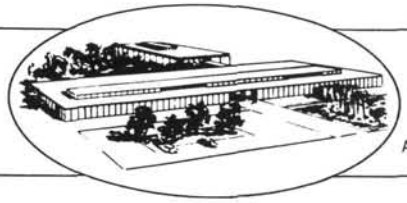

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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CONTENTS *MARCH 26, 1963 VOL. XIV, NO. 12*

THE WEEK 219

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

Where Are the Reformers? ....*Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* 227
From Washington Straight .....*Cato* 228
Brinkmanship Is Necessary ..*Edgar Ansel Mowrer* 229
De Gaulle, the Seducer .....*James Burnham* 232
102 Great Ideas—No More, No Less ..*John Leonard* 233
India After the Blow ..... *E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn* 236
William Carlos Williams: In Memoriam *Hugh Kenner* 237
Concerning the Education of Clergymen *Russell Kirk* 238
To the Editor 249

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Keynes Revisited .....*Wilhelm Roepke* 239
To a Young Prince .....*James Jackson Kilpatrick* 241
UN "Operation Smash" .....*Anthony Lejeune* 242
Opinion, the Public Democracy..*Willmoore Kendall* 243
Jackets and Footnotes .....*Theodore Sturgeon* 244
Gentlemen, Blondes and Brunettes ...*Robert Drake* 245
Books in Brief 247

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In This Issue . . .

➔ Our Spring Book number arrives with a glittering array of reviews. The eminent **Wilhelm Roepke,** whose economic wisdom, as applied by Ludwig Erhard, has set the foundation of Europe's prosperity, writes on David McCord Wright's *The Keynesian System,* and finds it a rare and golden answer to the counsels of despair. . . . And despair is the forecast, says **Willmoore Kendall** in his review of Francis Wilson's *A Theory of Public Opinion,* when intellectuals stray from their standards to rest their minds on mass opinion. Kendall, whose next book, *The Conservative Affirmation,* will be published in April, finds Wilson's work a "monument." . . . **James Jackson Kilpatrick,** editor of the *Richmond News Leader,* whose latest book Brent Bozell reviewed last issue, rips into James MacGregor Burns' *The Deadlock of Democracy* for its unmediated majoritarianism; again, the denial of standards, and the seedbed of autocracy. . . . On still another subject that has been undermined by a spirit of democratism unchecked and unabashed, to wit the UN, **Anthony Lejeune** contributes an unflummoxable review of Conor Cruise O'Brien's *To Katanga and Back,* the bright and honest story of the anti-Tshombe war initiated by Dag Hammarskjold. Lejeune is, of course, *NR*'s London eye, former editor of *Time & Tide.* . . . **Theodore Sturgeon,** science fictioneer extraordinary, and *NR*'s galactic gadfly, tosses three recent pieces of SF and near-SF into the air and catches one piece of vintage Sturgeon. TS on SF in *NR*: OK. . . . Resolved: That a comedy of manners is still possible in the United States. Arguing the Affirmative is **Robert Drake,** who builds his joyous brief on the famous case of Lorelei Lee and a young lass named Dorothy, decided in Chicago, 1925 and 1927, by Anita Loos, presiding. Robert Drake is a professor of English at the University of Texas.

➔ **Edgar Ansel Mowrer,** whose distinguished career as writer and political analyst covers four decades, undertakes to examine the Kennedy record against the hard requirements of brinkmanship, and finds it pretty scratchy. . . . **John Leonard** aims a thousand and one barbs at the 102 Great Ideas of Adler and Hutchins, and draws blood. His aim is as fine as it was when he used to pitch regularly at *NR* as an editorial assistant. His first novel comes out this summer. Definitely a Great Idea. . . . **Hugh Kenner** writes with tenderness and, as always, exact discernment in memory of William Carlos Williams, the New Jersey doctor whose finest scalpels were used to cut waste from the language, and whose occasional foolishness about public matters may now be decently forgotten. . . . The seminaries, suggests **Russell Kirk,** should pay attention to political and economic thought, lest the Social Gospel seize us again. . . . After a round of firsthand observation, the ever-roving **Eric von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** considers the change in India since the Himalayan attack by the Abominable Maomen. ➔

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The WEEK

● Cosmopolitan Hastings Banda, Premier of Malawi (*née* Nyasaland) last week corrected a widespread assumption concerning the fabled nineteenth-century African traveler, Dr. David Livingstone. "He came as a tourist to Malawi," Banda commented. "He was no more an explorer than I was when I went to London."

● With the sort of unexpected turn she often makes, History has presented, not the military or the die-hard Right or the Secret Army underground, but the coal miners, employees of the very mines that de Gaulle himself nationalized in 1946, as the first great domestic challenge to the Fifth Republic: that is, to the personal rule of Charles de Gaulle. When the government's threat of drafting them into the army failed to shake the miners' solid ranks and when the regime thereafter hesitated and temporized in obvious indecision, it was clear that de Gaulle's authoritative prestige, on which the entire regime basically rests, was badly and perhaps permanently hurt.

● Many of Barry Goldwater's supporters have been growing a bit nervous lately, as Nelson Rockefeller steps up his national campaigning, so obviously pointed toward the 1964 Republican nomination, without any public counter-move from Arizona. They will soon have the chance to cheer formation of a draft-Goldwater committee, which will get off the ground within the next few weeks, resolved that it will be Goldwater in '64 whether or not Senator Goldwater has quite made up his own mind that he wants the job.

● This week a new statistic is expected to be fed into the computer at the Census Bureau, and Sir Winston Spencer Churchill—bricklayer, painter, historian, orator, naval person, statesman and conservative—will become an honorary citizen of the United States. This title has never been conferred by the Congress on any man before and we hope will not be dispensed lightly hereafter. We welcome Sir Winston, and will take pleasure in the fact that the man who has repeatedly refused to become a peer of the Queen's realm should feel proud and gratified to be named a citizen of the United States.

● "I intend to continue the practice of law, but I am going to turn down any suggestions that would make it necessary for me not to continue to speak out from time to time." And with that Richard Nixon, cancelling his premature notice of his political death, returned to the public forum. On Jack Paar's show, March 8, he called for an immediate and lasting quarantine of Cuba and demanded that the "Communist cancer" be removed from the hemisphere. He scornfully dismissed Liberal talk about not driving the "moderate" Khrushchev into the hands of "extremists": " . . . I think we ought to quit worrying about Mr. Khrushchev losing his face and worry more about losing our necks." If that's the way it's going to be—welcome back, Mr. Nixon!

● The Administration's Deficit of Strength policy may have advantages after all. The House Administration Accounts Subcommittee found one: it cut most of the appropriation from under Adam Clayton Powell and his Education and Labor Committee. The Subcommittee's planned deficit for Powell will run a cool half million (from $697,000 to $200,000). Well, that's the brakes.

● Two more threads in the Administration's foreign policy backlash unraveled last week. Dr. Edward L. Katzenbach, Assistant Attorney General, viciously denounced an Internal Threat—poker, the "front and bluff, with some odds thrown in" philosophy which, it seems, pervades our national mentality, and subverts our diplomatic techniques. And deLesseps Morrison, U.S. Ambassador to the Organization of American States, unveiled a savage, below-the-belt anti-Cuba line when he accused Fidel Castro of losing prestige (in stronger language, however: Fidel "has taken a real nose dive since last October," said Ambassador Morrison). Great stuff, fellas, whale the b'gosh out of 'em.

● *Dartmouth*: Local Young Americans for Freedom have been analyzing in their publication, *Counterpoint,* the Liberal bias of Dartmouth instruction. As a sample of what they have found: the Great Issues course uses for its basic text the far-Left *Liberal Papers. Michigan*: Its 1963 convention elected Allan Howell of Wayne State University, a vigorous conservative and YAF officer, chairman of the Michigan Federation of College Republicans. In a state hitherto considered a Liberal YR redoubt, Howell won easily with more than a 100-vote margin of the 450 delegates; he claimed that the victory was not personal, but belonged to Senator Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative. Washington*: National YAF headquarters recently announced the formation of the "National Student Committee for Effective Social Welfare" to oppose the Administration's planned domestic Peace Corps, and to promote charitable and social work in the private sector.

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● In Durham (N.C.) High School, a senior recently submitted a careful paper questioning the United Nations on the assigned subject "Our Citizenship—A World Challenge." Her thesis was that U.S. citizens enjoy certain unalienable rights, and that by ceding sovereignty to a second government, the citizens tend to lose their constitutional protections; thus, and as it has actually come to pass, their rights tend to be forfeit. The girl's theme was graded: "Anti-American."

● Many astute observers of the Canadian political scene are worried about the continuing rise of Réal Caouette, leader of the French branch of the Social Credit Party. Caouette, a vigorous combination of de Gaulle, Poujade and Huey Long, is waging a xenophobic campaign against Anglo-Saxon domination of French Canada that focuses on nuclear arms and financial institutions. Caouette has a real power base among bush workers, small businessmen and farmers, and there is a distinct possibility that he may become a malign force threatening Canadian unity and North American defense.

● The Department of Labor has announced that the unemployment rate has moved up a notch, to 6.1 per cent for February. Coming a few days after President Kennedy's threat that we'll have a recession if Congress doesn't cut taxes his way, the announcement seems like a striking confirmation of his views. But more probably it's a case of, excuse us, news management: the President saw the figures, before their public release, made his announcement, and then let events take their course. Last November, two days before the election, the Labor Department announced (on preliminary figures) that employment was at a new high, implying that the economy was bursting with energy. A couple of weeks after the election it corrected (downward) its earlier estimates. In any case, whether the most recent report was managed or not, it certainly leaves one filled with doubt on many counts. These days, some people won't be willing to believe it until the White House denies it.

● The *Worker* continues to boom a breathtaking political alliance which it describes as "Benjamin Davis' Negro Unity Plan" (Davis is a Communist Party official.) The alliance is to join the NAACP, CORE, and the Black Muslims under benevolent CP guidance. Representatives of the four groups talked it over at a Los Angeles forum several weeks ago, without consequence.

● "Closing the loopholes" in the income tax laws has the sialagogic* appeal of soaking the rich—but the loophole you close, warns New Hampshire Senator Norris Cotton, will probably be your own. "If you practice tithing for your church or contribute to your favorite charity," Senator Cotton advises, "the 'tax reform' hits you. It also hits the church and the charity." Similarly, deductions for interest on mortgages and installment plan buying, tax credits and $50 exemptions on dividends—all to be eliminated—will directly affect the retired, the elderly, and persons of limited means.

* Don't be cross. The editors never saw it before, either. But we thought it quite a word when the janitor brought it in, and darned if it isn't in the dictionary, too.

Playing the Numbers

How many annual on-site inspections are needed to make a test ban agreement sufficiently safe? Twenty, as the U.S. negotiators were insisting last summer? Or 12, as they brought it down to in January? Or 7, as last week? Or 3 or 2, as the Russians said they might agree to? (Or an unlimited number, as we once declared, long ago, when the talks started?) And how many of those mysterious black boxes are needed? A couple of hundred, as everyone said when they were first mentioned? Or a dozen or so, as seems to be the latest proposal? It doesn't really matter very much in either case. Yet the whole discussion of the test ban problem has lately been reduced to juggling with these numbers. Tough anti-Communists demand 10 on-site inspections, or maybe 13 just to be sure. Soft types are ready to settle for 5—and maybe 4 if pressed.

There can be no foolproof guarantee, Secretary of State Rusk recently stated. There will be a risk for the United States no matter what the exact terms of an agreement; but, he added, according to ritual, there will be "a still greater risk" if there is no agreement at all.

Why? Why will there be a greater risk—of what, moreover?—from no agreement? This is the heart of the matter. Why do we want *any* agreement, *even if* it had the tightest of conceivable controls? We've been getting along all right in nuclear matters all these years without a test ban treaty. What will it do for us that can't be done without it? As a matter of fact, the biggest setbacks have come *from* seeking a treaty and from suspending tests as if a treaty had already been signed.

If there were a formal agreement, it is not likely, whatever the detailed provisions, that there would be a significant amount of cheating. Our monitoring methods have developed to a point where virtually any atmospheric or undersea explosions could be detected, as well as above-atmosphere or underground explosions that were either at all large in yield, or frequent in occurrence. So if a treaty is really a good

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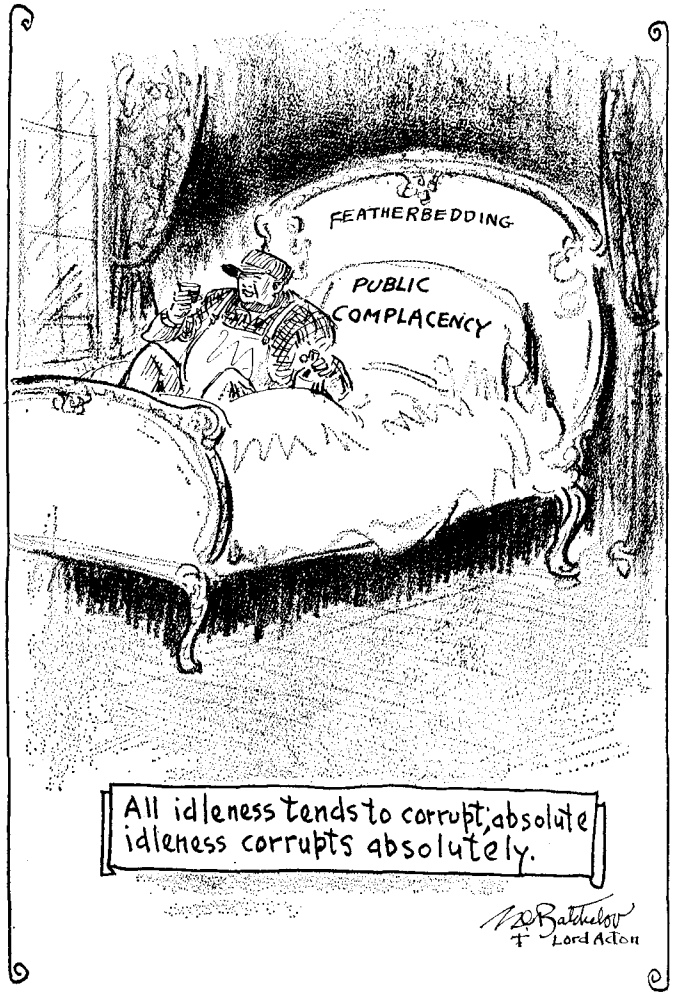

thing, we might as well go ahead more or less on Moscow's terms.

But the truth is that we have nothing to gain from an Anglo-Soviet-American agreement to stop testing, and a good deal to lose. The air will be contaminated by radioactive fallout, without an agreement? Agitation over fallout was the main factor that originally pushed the Eisenhower Administration into the test ban talks. But it hasn't happened up to now; and, all-out war apart, the Soviet Union will not deliberately contaminate the air to an acutely dangerous level for the obvious reason that its air would suffer along with ours.

Officially, the main present motive for a ban is said by Washington to be the necessity for "preventing the spread of nuclear weapons." But an agreement among Britain, Russia and the U.S. has nothing to do with preventing a spread—these three nations already have the weapons. The spread problem affects nations that don't yet have them and that aren't parties to the negotiations. Moreover, as *NR* has explained, it is likely that a spread of nuclear arms to other nations would on the whole aid rather than injure our security, and decrease rather than augment the chance for total nuclear warfare.

The most sophisticated test ban proponents in Washington argue that a halt to tests would necessarily be to our advantage. We are at present well ahead in nuclear weaponry, so that a ban would tend to freeze our superiority. This is a point to take seriously, as Khrushchev evidently takes it. But it overlooks still weightier counter-arguments.

We, more than they, since we have accepted the nuclear defensive, need the anti-missile devices that cannot be developed without tests; and we need a more varied arsenal. Beyond that, and more positively, it is to our interest to *compel* the Soviet Union to compete in an intense and unrelenting arms race, above all in the nuclear sector. This, indeed, as some of the muzzled Pentagon and CIA intelligence analysts understand, is perhaps the major political warfare tactic at our disposal. Our economy can take the vast endeavor of the arms race without too great strain; but theirs cannot. By forcing the race, we introduce multiple economic, political and social stresses into the Soviet system that absorb the energies of the Communist leadership and weaken its ability to carry forward the larger work of the Revolution: which, let us not forget, is to bury us.

. . . And the Presses Roll

When word was flashed that there had been a break in the three-month long New York newspaper strike, that the presses would be rolling in a few more days, ten million undernewsed Greater Manhattanites uttered a mightly Hallelujah! Good-bye *Philadelphia Inquirer* (you've been swell), farewell *Christian Science Monitor* (we'll miss you), adieu *N.Y. Standard* (you were the greatest)! What a feast in store, six morning newspapers to choose from, tabloid, serious and business; three PMs. But as the week passed, and nothing happened, some of the more curmudgeonly of the readers had hesitant second thoughts.

Like for instance, how pleasant Sundays had been in recent months. No eight pounds of the *N.Y. Times* to haul home, or even the more modest ounces of the *Tribune;* no high-piled newsprint on the coffee table which had to be ingested before the 70-page Monday morning edition arrived on the stoop. It was amazing how pleasant it had been to take a walk in Central Park, visit the museums, stroll in the Village, enjoy the half-deserted city.

What a vacation for the industrious bargain-hunting housewife (and her husband's wallet)! She hadn't battled the mobs in Macy's during the January white sale, investigated the February fur sales, or been tempted by March's fabulous cruise line. (Dept. store sales were down 10 per cent.) If the investor worked at it, he could find out how his favorite stock had gone the day before, but it was a bit of an

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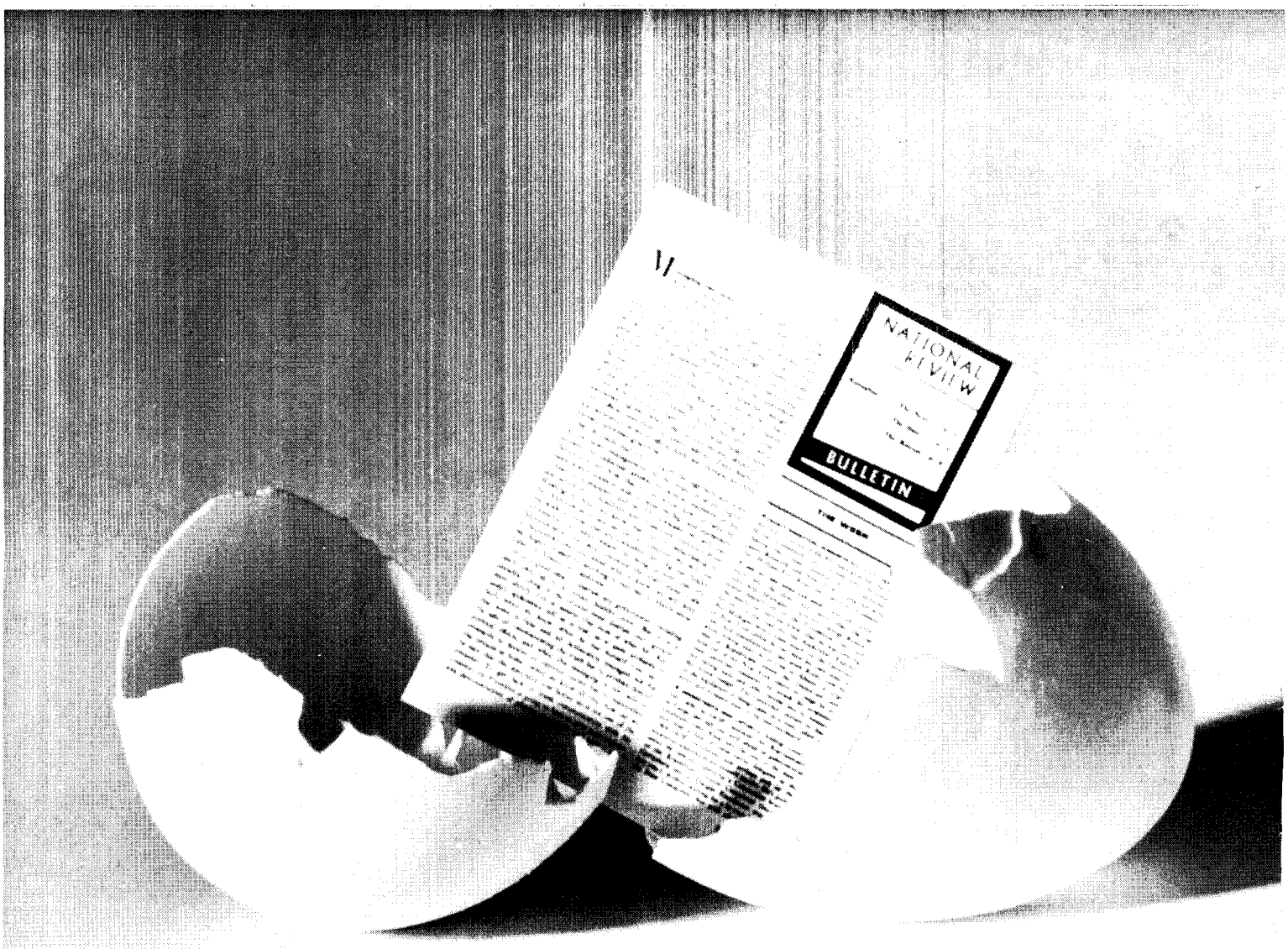

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effort and it was a bore to phone the broker every day. (Brokerage commissions were off 10 to 45 per cent.) If a man didn't know that Lena Horne was singing at the Waldorf, or that *Oliver* had opened at the Imperial, well, he couldn't be expected to take his wife, at $9.50 plus, could he? (Night club and theater business off sharply; up to 50 per cent in some spots.) It was less trying on the blood pressure to get irked at Khrushchev, or Castro, or JFK once a day, at the 11:00 P.M. news, instead of three or four times a day as newspaper edition followed edition. (No figures available on doctor's fees.) Above all, one was spared that sick feeling after the evening's dose of the *Post*.

What a lot of money the consumer had saved! But the lazy days are numbered. This week, or next, New Yorkers will be back on the stuff, newspaper-wise, and paying heavily for their addiction. That $80 million extra the publishers will be shelling out over the next two years will have to come out of someone's pocket and that someone is, as usual, you-know-who.

Thoughts on the 90th Day of the N. Y. Newspaper Strike

I miss the good grey *New York Times*
(Unlikely as it seems).
I sigh for "all the news that's fit,"
I see it in my dreams.

About Nyasaland and Chad
It used to give the pitch.
But *sans* the beastly Liberal *Times*
Can you tell which is which?

I never thought the day would come
When I would wish it back.
But oh, just let it print again—
Then brace for my attack.

P.L.B.

Sharp Practices

For some time the makers of razor blades have known that a stainless steel blade, both superior in performance to standard carbon steel blades and cheaper in cost per shave, could be manufactured; but in the absence of competitive pressure they kept to their old, rusty, and very profitable lines. However, in recent months a British company has been distributing stainless steel blades as an advertisement for its major products, which happen to be garden tools, and the forces of the free market took the hint.

American shavers assaulted the market with their demands. The Wilkinson Sword Ltd. stainless steel blade disappeared from counters. The Wilkinson company is greatly expanding its production and building a new plant in New Jersey. American companies, faced with the choice of producing stainless steel blades or going out of business, decided to stay in business, though they will make less money from the long-lasting new blades, there being only so many faces to shave. So, pretty soon, the market will be amply served with stainless steel blades; the companies may not be too happy; but the customers will enjoy better shaves, lower costs, more convenience. The free market has worked swiftly to satisfy its absolute boss—the customer. And once again the argument that "bigness" must lead to monopoly can be disproven: although Gillette enjoys about 80 per cent of the razor blade business, it too must bend before the pressure of free market forces, triggered this time by the actual and potential competition of a foreign manufacturer.

Phasing Out the Air Force?

There has been lately—fed by the proceedings of the McClellan Committee and sundry parties at interest—a most fearful public flap over the contract for TFX, the 2,000-mph wonder plane of the future that is to be suitable for Army, Navy and Boy Scouts, ship or shore, airfields or jungle clearings, bombs or combat, and everything else, apparently, from smiting guerrillas to minding baby. This is surely not surprising. TFX is to cost $6 billion or trillion or something before it is through; and that's enough even in depreciated dollars to make a lot of palms itch. The final competition narrowed down to Boeing *vs.* a General Dynamics-Grumman team. It seems that most of the military people thought the Boeing project superior and cheaper, but were overruled by the civilian chiefs, who signed up a few weeks ago with GD-G. A pro-Boeing faction, and anti-Administration critics anxious for a handle to grab, now talk darkly of political finagling to throw the money to Texas (where GD's Convair division is located), to do special favors for X or Y, etc.

NATIONAL REVIEW does not pretend to judge the merits of the squabble, but does conclude that it has arisen primarily out of factional politics rather than objective differences of opinion on those merits. In an award of this sort there are so many elements to take into account that the final decision must be an act of synthetic and even somewhat arbitrary judgment. We add that, granted reasonable assurance on the technical side and not too great cost diversity, it is altogether proper for the civilian chiefs to take into account factors that go beyond the narrowly

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

GOLDWATER COUNTRY
by James Jackson Kilpatrick

THE SWEDISH EDEN
by Desmond Fennell

military—avoidance (on both socio-economic and strategic grounds) of too great geographical concentration, the desirability of keeping an experienced group of technicians and workers in being, even regional economic conditions, etc.

Men being what they are, it is also inevitable, if not so proper, that political favoritism should play a part—both in awarding contracts and in criticizing them. Boeing is unquestionably one of the finest advanced technical organizations in the world. But no combination that had Grumman as a member could be anything other than first-rate; and though GD had bad fiscal and administrative times in connection with its jet transport try, its nuclear submarines, B-58's and hundreds of supersonic fighters, not to mention the excellent old prop Convairs, show it can do a job with the best of them.

We have an idea that the McClellan Committee and the public debaters will serve a more fruitful purpose by turning their attention away from this or that complicated contract to what more and more seems the almost obsessive line of the present master of the Pentagon. Sometimes we wish Robert McNamara were not the very able and exceedingly dynamic fellow he has amply proved himself to be. Mr. McNamara is beginning to worry us. He sometimes seems to be out to liquidate the Air Force altogether. He refuses to go ahead with the manned ultra-supersonic RS-70, no matter what Congress votes. He shuts off B-58 production. Now he allows it to be understood that he will probably phase out the Dynasoar manned space glider program. This in turn must lead to downgrading or eliminating the entire series of Air Force projects designed to achieve manned space vehicles and space platforms. The space penetration will be left to the civilian NASA, with the Air Force in the humblest of supporting roles.

And what if one morning we wake up with manned, nuclear-armed Soviet space platforms in permanent orbit overhead? Meanwhile airmen report that the B-52 fleet—now and for some years the core of our strategic force—is aging fast, beginning to show signs of the fatigue to which all metal machines, like the rest of us, are subject. There are no replacements; Mr. McNamara stopped the B-52 lines, too, last year.

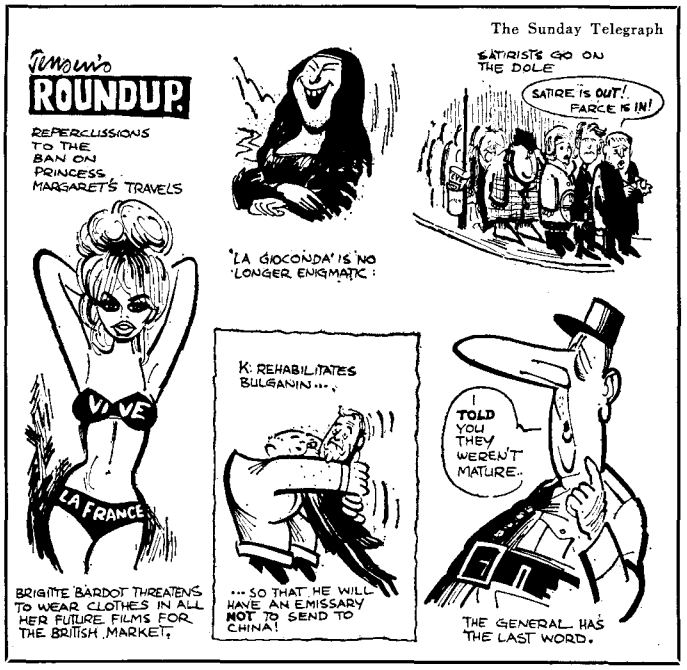
Mr. McNamara may get us into a terrible jam one of these days if he is determined to put all of his nuclear eggs into one missile basket.

As You Like It

On March 9 Governor Rockefeller addressed a Milwaukee audience in which many of that city's able and staunchly conservative businessmen were present. In much the same words he had used the month before to the American Bankers Association, he sang the praise of fiscal purity with all the fervor of a von Mises disciple:

"As the details of the 'new' approach [of the Kennedy Administration] became known, it looked more and more like the same old thing—another attempt to achieve prosperity by pumping up purchasing power through deficit spending—while paying only lip service to tax incentives for genuine economic growth. . . . It would strike a sharp blow at home owners and . . . the very group in our society which is economically most creative, and thereby has an adverse effect on the climate for economic growth. . . . The President's new program undermines confidence through protracted deficit spending and creation of uncertainties as to the future. . . . The Administration's spokesmen, with their slighting references to the 'Puritan Ethic' of budget balancing, and their espousal of 'Sophisticated Economics' and their bland proposal for a program envisaging deficits for a sustained period of years without any manifest effort to pare expenditures, have invited the interpretation that budget-balancing is an exercise beneath their concern."

Nor could Martin Luther King or Adam Clayton


The Sunday Telegraph
Jensen's ROUNDUP
REPERCUSSIONS TO THE BAN ON PRINCESS MARGARET'S TRAVELS
VIVE LA FRANCE
BRIGITTE BARDOT THREATENS TO WEAR CLOTHES IN ALL HER FUTURE FILMS FOR THE BRITISH MARKET.
'LA GIOCONDA' IS NO LONGER ENIGMATIC:
SATIRISTS GO ON THE DOLE
SATIRE IS OUT! FARCE IS IN!
K: REHABILITATES BULGANIN...
...SO THAT HE WILL HAVE AN EMISSARY NOT TO SEND TO CHINA!
I TOLD YOU THEY WEREN'T MATURE.
THE GENERAL HAS THE LAST WORD.

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Powell have found a word to change in Mr. Rockefeller's remarks, four days earlier, to a convention of the NAACP:

"The President's recommendations cover only five out of 28 legislative recommendations of the Federal Civil Rights Commission. . . . They ignore 23 proposals of the Commission in the fields of housing, employment, education, voting rights and the administration of justice. As a result, Senator Keating of New York [with Senator Javits and other colleagues] is introducing legislation to implement the passed-over Civil Rights recommendations. . . . New York State's record and the further actions to come this year emphasize the importance of state pioneering in this field. . . . Not only do the legislative efforts of the President fall short, but recent [federal] actions in the administrative field raise new questions. . . . The shortcomings on the national scene impose an extra responsibility on us in New York. . . . We are eternally resolved that New York State shall remain the pioneer, the leader, the great moral example in assuring first-class citizenship to every American in every phase of our lives."

It looks as if we might stop worrying about Mr. Rockefeller's program, if we could only make sure of his audience.

Ban the . . .

The Communists have noisily charged that U.S. personnel are using poison gas in the Vietnam guerrilla war, and the U.S. has denied it.

A decade ago, it will be recalled, the Communists accused U.S. forces in Korea of using "germ warfare." Although there was no basis for the earlier accusation, it's not unlikely that the "poison gas" bit may simply be a Communist psywar counterattack against the use of chemicals that destroy the leaves and vines in the Vietnam jungle, exposing the Communist troops in their green cave-shelters. If so, then the U.S. should have produced more than a mere denial. It should have said:

"Yes indeed, we're using poison gas to defoliate the jungle and track down the hit-and-run Communist bandits. And we promise you we've got other trumps to play. Out in the forest, up in the hills, far from dense population, we could quite easily—and mercifully, for that matter—use some of our stock of nerve gas, and so paralyze a whole area, or strip of country, bringing peace once more, and saving Vietnam from Communist tyranny."

For in Vietnam, as in so many theaters of the Cold War, the confrontation between East and West pits one side, relying on renewable masses of expendable soldiery, against another side, shorter on troops but infinitely advantaged—if it chose to use them—by the techniques of weaponry. The Communists, knowing this, naturally seize every opportunity to weaken the will of the West, or the U.S. in particular, to make use of modern weapons. Ban germ warfare. Ban poison gas. Ban missiles from Turkey and Italy. Ban subs from Holy Loch. Ban every sub that rolls into the water at New London. Ban the Bomb. The whole thrust of this propaganda attack is to make the West appear to be immoral when it develops or uses the only weapons that can offset the predominant numbers of the Communist-driven masses.

And the West, in its folly, accepts the muted premises, either denying the charges, or explaining them away, or agreeing to enter into disarmament and test ban negotiations, when its fundamental position requires it to announce, advertise, celebrate and exploit its technical superiority.

As to banning, the Administration might well ban one thing, unilaterally: its own balderdash. Then it might settle down to the task of the common defense, and find that the so-called agonizing problems of the present age are reducible to a simple formula, the answer to which is clear enough in most situations: To win, or to lose.

Notes and Asides

When the Tractors for Freedom deal collapsed, a farmer (not a subscriber) wrote to ask our assistance in getting him one of the tractors—for free that is. A woman subscriber asks: What do we think of women playwrights? and, will we evaluate the performance of, and she lists ten of them. A housewife confesses *she's* too busy herself to make critical judgments on:

New York Times & James Reston
N. Y. Daily News
Herald Tribune
Westbrook Pegler
U.S. News & World Report
Saturday Review
Time
Christian Science Monitor
Brooklyn Eagle
WMCA commentator Barry Gray
Huntley and Brinkley
America
Jubilee

so would we mind doing it for her, if it's not too much trouble, of course. In a span of ten days, we are asked to compile and send to a reader every mention ever made in NATIONAL REVIEW of the United Nations; to provide good, cleverly written, humorous material to a law student for use in a conservative column he hopes to persuade the editor of the college paper to

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allow him to write. We are asked to define "conservatism," "Liberalism," "Libertarianism," "Fascism," "Nazism," "Communism," "Leninism," "Marxist-Leninism," "revisionism," "anarchism," even "beatism"; to provide an Instant Constitution, complete with by-laws, for a projected conservative club and to hold ourselves ready to answer "a host of other questions we probably can't even think of at present"; to intercede with Bobby Kennedy for a subscriber who was gypped by a mail order house; to supply a complete bibliography of Chinese history; to repeat what we said about Manny Zilch in an editorial paragraph two or three years back, or maybe longer, unless . . . "or did I," the letter writer asks, "see the item originally in the *New Republic?*"; to provide the negative for a high school debate: "Resolved: Capital punishment is a deterrent to crimes of violence"; to identify the "powerful man" Walter Winchell was talking about in a column the reader forgets to include; to send post-haste all available material "for use in an Economics course."

NATIONAL REVIEW doesn't admit defeat easily. But we surrender, dears. Everyone of the above listed requests is *bona fide*. We didn't make up a one; and three quarters of them were received in a single four-day period. Much as we'd like to help, we can't. It would be hard if we had the research files of the *N.Y. Times, Fortune's* staff and a whopping Ford Foundation grant. As it is, two overworked (and grossly underpaid, they tell us) associate editors try to take time out from their regular assignments to satisfy reader requests. But they can't write your term paper, research your debate or take on the editor of your local newspaper. They are willing and eager (well, we have to prod them sometimes) to answer specific questions which have to do with the magazine. Did we carry a piece by so-and-so on such-and-such, and when? Do we plan to do something on Medicare? Urban Renewal? Teddy Kennedy? Was Whittaker Chambers ever an editor of *NR*? etc.

We will continue, as we have in the past, to answer every query we can—but let them be within reason. Please don't ask us, as did a fifth grader just this morning, "to write [him] everything we know about Communism"—not if you want your *NR* to arrive in next week's mail.

Our stalwart—and also harried—circulation department employees ask that we thank the many of you who now enclose your magazine wrapper address when writing about subscription problems. It makes quite a difference to them (since that little label carries, just below your name, the code key that's usually needed to solve the problem without calling on the FBI). They add that it's *especially* helpful to have when changing addresses.

For the Record

Top Army, Navy brass, voiceless in Geneva disarmament proceedings, shuddering at concessions U.S. is making; many of them hope some Senate committee will hold closed-door hearing on disarmament. . . . Dopesters wondering whether transfer of George McGhee, former #3 man in State Department, to Bonn ambassadorial slot isn't a result of McGhee's opposition to the Katanga crackdown. Replacing McGhee as Under-Secretary for Political Affairs: Averell (Laos-shall-be-neutralized) Harriman.

Overlooked in headlines over sharp cuts in requested funds for Adam Clayton Powell's House Education and Labor Committee, was major slash, on Senate side, in funds requested by Sen. Estes Kefauver for his headline-hunting anti-trust subcommittee. . . . According to Boston reports, a local supporter of Sen. Edward Kennedy recently slugged a magazine feature writer who had been assigned to do a story on Teddy. The magazine that had scheduled the piece (and paid for it) got the message and cancelled publication.

Pro-American officials of the French Quai D'Orsay jittery these days. It's rumored de Gaulle has ordered purge of their ranks. . . . Australian diplomat Sir Arthur Tange got oral promises, no hard and fast assurances of support, when he conferred with U.S. officials over Indonesia's threats against the Malaysian Federation now emerging. . . . The Soviet Union, incidentally, is constructing a series of highways across Indonesian Borneo leading toward the three British territories of North Borneo, Brunei, Sarawak — all slated to become part of Malaysia. . . . Comment of one UN career officer when it was announced U.S. would hereafter pay only its 32.5 per cent share for emergency forces (Gaza, Congo): "America's stand complicates everything, I'm afraid."

Between Dec. 1926 and Nov. 1962, 2,340 specific proposals to amend the Constitution were submitted to Congress. Four (20th, lame duck; 21st, prohibition repeal; 22nd, limiting Presidential terms; 23rd, electoral votes for District of Columbia) have been adopted in that time.

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Where Are the Reformers?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

The distinguished Mr. Arthur Krock writes in his column an apology to JFK. (How do I know? Because some scab smuggled a copy of the *New York Times*—European edition—into New York, where I furtively read it, and then passed it on, as the early Christians did the ancient tablets.) A year ago, says Mr. Krock, he expressed the doubt that Mr. Kennedy would ever move against any labor union as forcefully as he moved against United States Steel. The time has come, he says, for himself and all others who similarly doubted, to apologize to Mr. Kennedy. Whereupon Mr. Krock, a gentleman of highly refined conscience, did.

Mr. Krock calls our attention to a statement by Mr. Kennedy on the New York newspaper strike which Mr. Krock apparently regards as positively fulminatory against outrageous unionism. Said JFK exactly: "The essence of free collective bargaining in this country is a sense of responsibility and restraint by both sides, not merely an effort by one side to break those who sit across the bargaining table . . . It is clear . . . that the local of the International Typographical Union and its president, Bertram Powers, insofar as anyone can understand his position, are attempting to impose a settlement which could shut down several newspapers in New York and throw thousands out of work . . ."

Not exactly the rhetorical equivalent of "Father always told me that all businessmen are SOB's," but a statement to be welcomed just the same, in that it suggests at least a twitch of Presidential impatience with the abuse by the International Typographical Union of its enormous powers.

But hard analysis of Mr. Kennedy's statement clearly reveals that he does not yet have an inkling of the true problem; or at least that if he does, he is not ready to reveal it. Arthur Krock knows. For he went on to deride "what is absurdly referred to as 'free collective bargaining'" — an allusion to the unions' "use of the power they hold over politics and industry by means of laws, government policies, and administrative acts all heavily weighted in favor of the unions."

The defectiveness of the President's analysis is especially apparent in his effort to portray a bargaining session between employer and employees as a sort of meeting between Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean ("Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher? Positively, Mr. Shean . . ."). In fact it is not the concern of Mr. Powers that one or more newspapers might go broke if the newspapers paid the wages he demands. It is not a union's responsibility to subsidize the press out of the benefactions of organized labor. How preposterous that argument is can be seen by reducing it to its absurdity: if Powers would agree to cut in half the present remuneration of the typographers, and other unions would do likewise, there might be more newspapers in New York. Is this then their obligation?

No, the collective bargaining process pits two bargaining entities into negotiation *under the discipline of the marketplace*. There is the key. If the employer refuses to pay a wage sufficient to keep his employees from quitting and going elsewhere, he will eventually go out of business. And if the employees hold out for wages higher than other persons of equal skill are willing to work for, the employer is free to reach into the market for his replacement there.

That is the ideal of collective bargaining. In fact it has become, in many industries, a travesty—because of the preferential legislation that immunizes important labor units from the indispensable discipline of the marketplace. Specifically, the collective bargaining process is nullified by the unions' coercive powers to make union shop contracts, to picket, to bargain monopolistically, and to be held immune from civil claims for broken contracts.

Professor Chamberlain of Harvard recently wrote: "If A is bargaining with B over the sale of his house, and if A were given the privilege of a modern labor union, he would be able 1) to conspire with all other owners of houses not to make any alternative offers to B, using violence or the threat of violence if necessary to prevent them, 2) to deprive B himself of access to any alternative offers, 3) to surround the house of B and cut off all deliveries of food (except by parcel post), 4) to stop all movement from B's house, so that if he were for instance a doctor he could not sell his services and make a living, and 5) to institute a boycott of B's business. All of these privileges, if he were capable of carrying them out, would no doubt strengthen A's position. But they would not be regarded by anyone as part of 'bargaining' — unless A were a labor union."

It is testimony to the good sense and civic-mindedness of many labor leaders that they have not abused the powers they in fact have. But a free country does not depend on the episodic restraint of individuals—"Let us hear no more of trust in men," Jefferson said, "but bind them down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution." The fact that there is only one Powers for every hundred labor union leaders is of no consolation to ten million New Yorkers who have been suffering the ravages of the political sycophancy of a half century.

My father told *me* that any laws written for the special protection of any economic group, business or labor, are defended, and tolerated, by —slobs.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

When the GOP launched its "battle of the budget" on March 4, congressional Democrats reacted predictably: they challenged the budget-cutters to particularize about areas where cuts could be made. The President took the same line several days later. But the Republicans are not rising to the bait.

Cato

At a special budget press conference, Rep. Frank Bow (R., O.) made two facts clear: First, his committee (which includes the ranking Republicans on the various House Appropriations subcommittees) had made a careful study of the proposed budget, with Maurice Stans, Eisenhower's former budget director, providing expert guidance. The group insisted that between $10 and $15 billion could be lopped off the budget without impairing national security or essential government services. Second, that it would be neither appropriate nor politically wise to reveal at this time the specific cuts the GOP would propose since the subcommittees of the Appropriations Committee have barely begun their long job of examining the budget and hearing witnesses.

Another reason why the GOP refuses to unveil its ideas prematurely is, according to one influential Republican congressman, that "we'd have every lobbyist and pressure group in the country down our necks in an effort to save this or that pet project from the axe."

The plan is to publicize "teasers" at regular intervals detailing some of the more outrageous items in the budget. But the real meat will be released only as the Appropriations subcommittees complete their work.

This strategy calls for considerable discipline. Administration attacks on the budget-slashers have already stung congressmen. The President has hinted that one of the ways the GOP plans to save money is by dropping such sacred cows as the school lunch program. Hubert Humphrey produced a list of essential services, defense and non-defense in nature, he claims Republicans are aiming at. ("How many troops do they plan to withdraw from Europe?" he asked.)

Republican leaders insist they plan no slashes in defense spending other than those economies attendant on competitive bidding for defense contracts. Some GOP congressmen declare billions could be saved by making competitive bidding the rule and not the exception. Others cautiously point out that contract awards are often—and quite properly—based on factors other than price, and that considerations such as retention of top-flight scientific teams, decentralization of defense work to make sabotage more difficult, and many other determinants, should be included.

The question: who will the Republicans field in '64? is a favorite topic at cocktail parties around town. Much of the press has already nominated Nelson Rockefeller, but GOP pros lean strongly toward Senator Goldwater. The pros point to Rockefeller's difficulties in his home state. They say it is lucky, indeed, that the newspaper strike has prevented the true situation from being publicized nationally. If Rocky is having trouble in his own backyard and the rest of the nation is let in on the secret, they say, it will tarnish some of that front-runner luster he's counting on.

There has been some confusion about Senator Goldwater's intentions for '64. He still claims that he is only running for re-election to the Senate. But those who know him best say that if he realizes he is the GOP's best hope for victory against Kennedy, he will definitely try for the nomination. This was first disclosed publicly by Rep. John Rhodes (R., Ariz.) in a newsletter mailed to his constituents. Rhodes knows Goldwater well and is satisfied that he will be in the running next year.

However, Rhodes also pointed out that Goldwater supporters should not expect an early announcement of his candidacy. Premature declarations of Presidentiability by eager office-seekers historically have been fatal.

At all events, insiders are now generally agreed that the fight for the nomination has narrowed down to Goldwater and Rockefeller. They doubt that any other potential candidate has a chance.

The White House is more than just piqued over the irresponsible antics of the ADA wing in the Senate (Sens. Morse, Douglas, Clark, Proxmire, McCarthy, Humphrey *et al.*) which has not only kept Senate business at a standstill for the past two months, but has also tended to harden opposition to its wilder aspirations among the moderates on both sides of the Chamber. The President reasons, and on this he's undoubtedly right, that these ADAers have so antagonized the "Club" by their prolonged (but obviously futile) fight over cloture and committee assignments that their endorsement of the more welfarist aspects of his legislative program may be the kiss of death on close votes. As it is, Medicare, aid to education, the domestic Peace Corps, federal aid for urban transportation—all these face an uphill battle even in the heavily Democratic-weighted U.S. Senate. It's in situations like this that Democrats on the Hill look back with considerable nostalgia to the reign of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, who was able, as Mike Mansfield is not, to keep his own extremists in line most of the time.

Over in the Pentagon the brass is worried that the Administration's constant practice of overruling the Joint Chiefs of Staff in military matters may have a disastrous by-product. On top of the muzzling controversy there has been considerable interference in military affairs by Secretary McNamara's civilian aides. The climate is such that many middle-echelon officers are restive and plan an early retirement. If the present talent drain continues, it could cripple the military for years, since these are the very officers who are being groomed to take over the top Army, Navy and Air Force jobs five to ten years hence.

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Brinkmanship Is Necessary

Where, since WW II, have we stopped Communism? Only in those areas, says the author, where we have said: If you want war, let it begin here

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

Brinkmanship by any other name is still brinkmanship. Our recent victory over the USSR at Cuba was a smashing example.

This is no less exact because in describing President Kennedy's success, most commentators avoided calling it brinkmanship. One Washington writer headed his comment "Back From the Abyss." The London *Daily Mail*'s cartoonist depicted a stern-faced Kennedy pushing a tall stack of chips across a table at a poker-faced Khrushchev, with the caption: "I'll see you."

While London critics relaxed as they saw Kennedy's bold gambit succeeding, Soviet spokesmen were not deceived. One Moscow radio commentator (November 29, 1962) solemnly warned the American people against reviving the "power politics and brinkmanship of the late John Foster Dulles."

Quite accurately, for if Kennedy's Cuban policy was not brinkmanship, my name is Adlai Stevenson. And in my opinion, it is high time that we Americans gave due credit to the man who first had the courage to defend our use of this essential Cold War weapon.

That, however, is not how it looked to all sorts of people back in January 1956. The Eisenhower Administration had in 1953 obtained a long-overdue Korean armistice by the threat of bombing Red China beyond the Yalu River. It had saved half of French Indochina by public talk of assisting the beleaguered French at Dienbienphu by an air strike. And it had rocked the aggressive Red Chinese right back on their horny heels by ordering the United States Seventh Fleet to defend Quemoy and Matsu. Three major successes—all without a major war; all over the protests of a mixed group of opponents, mostly pacifists, in whose eyes armed opposition to advancing

Communism was an invitation to nuclear conflict.

Justifiably proud of his achievements, their chief architect crowed a little. In an interview in a popular magazine, Eisenhower's Secretary of State revealed the Administration's formula for avoiding war:

> You have to take chances for peace just as you must take chances in war . . . Of course we were brought to the verge of war. The ability to get to the verge of war without getting into war is the necessary art. If you cannot master it, you inevitably get into war. If you try to run away from it, if you are scared to go to the brink, you are lost . . . We walked to the brink and we looked [war] in the face.

All true enough, as political realists from Machiavelli to Molotov might have predicted. Especially at a time of nuclear stalemate, for with nuclear war "ruled out," the side that goes closer to the verge of war, or wagers the most at the diplomatic table, regularly takes the pot.

But to practice brinkmanship in silence is one thing, to spell it out in the public press of a war-weary democratic world is quite another. It has been said of Machiavelli that the ruthless Italian princes who "practiced the maxims of the Florentine, shuddered at the scribe who merely stated them." (And just imagine the horror of the mythical courtiers at the child who, believing what he saw and not what he was told, insisted that the King was naked!)

So it was in January 1956 when the Dulles interview appeared. Actually, in over forty years as a reporter I can remember no other such strident uproar as greeted the Dulles interview.

According to the *New York Times*, its publication "provoked a storm in London, raised a cry among Democrats and brought sharp criticism in some sections of the U.S. press." A news dispatch from England insisted that Foreign Secretary Eden was determined to find out if Dulles was really pursuing a "brink of war strategy" and to try to stop him if he were. The London *Times* called the interview "an example of how diplomacy should not be conducted."

Red Reaction

Red China indulged in a spasm of verbalized indignation. President Bulganin of the Soviet Union more mildly referred to a "breach of the Spirit of Geneva" allegedly created at the Summit meeting a few months earlier.

At home, 52 newscasters criticized Dulles, as against eight who praised him. The usually sedate Eric Sevareid called the Secretary of State the "picture of a man who had been led to disaster by his best friends." Another commentator accused him of uttering "guff, stuff and nonsense," and "rewriting history like the Communists." U.S. cartoonists had a Roman holiday. Some Democratic poli-

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ticians almost fainted from indignation, among them Senators Humphrey and Kefauver and Governor Averell Harriman. Senator Wayne Morse called loudly for a new Secretary of State, Speaker Sam Rayburn denounced Dulles for endangering U.S. alliances. Adlai Stevenson, who a month earlier had accused the Secretary of State of having formulated "a whole series of slogans that frightened our allies more than our enemies and brought us to the brink of war in Indochina and the Formosa Straits," now accused him of being "willing to play Russian roulette with the life of the nation."

Default Through Fear

Naturally, Democrats made of brinkmanship a campaign issue.

Republicans were embarrassed. While Senators Knowland and Bridges defended Dulles, President Eisenhower declined to comment when the issue became the subject of an angry debate in the House of Representatives. One Republican I knew indignantly compared the Dulles policy to a game of "chicken" as played by irresponsible thrill-loving American youngsters.

The comparison was exact, but with a difference. Nobody compels these boys to play "chicken." But in the nuclear age any great power that through fear of a collision yields the political right of way to another power finds it difficult to go anywhere at all. Certainly, in the current world struggle, the side that gets off the road must expect never to see that particular stretch again. In consequence, each successive American President since World War II has occasionally taken the risk of "going to the verge of war" with the, so far, successful hope of avoiding major war. Brinkmanship has been bipartisan.

Let us examine the specific cases.

President Truman originally shared FDR's hope that he could "handle" Stalin. After the Potsdam Conference in the summer of 1945, he confided to me:

"They told me I would have trouble with Stalin. I got everything I wanted from Stalin."

Yet Truman learned fast. Three months later, after he made clear that he would use force to prevent Communist Yugoslavia from grabbing Trieste, Stalin, according to Marshal Tito, informed the Yugoslavs that he was taking no risks of war with the United States. Why should he, when he had his eye on greater spoils—the Italian ex-colonies of Libya and Cyrenaica, the Turkish provinces of Kara and Ardahan, a foothold in the Dardanelles and the veiled annexation of Iranian Azerbaijan?

Truman rose to the occasion. Breaking an American tradition that had lasted since we defeated the Barbary pirates, he sent American warships to the Mediterranean to reinforce his emphatic denial of Stalin's claims. Thereafter United States carriers, cruisers, destroyers, submarines became a familiar sight to Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Yugoslavs and Italians.

Stalin took the hint. By the end of 1946, Iran was reunited and Russian "presence" in the Mediterranean reduced to Moscow-backed guerrillas operating in Greece from Communist Yugoslavia and Communist Albania. It took more American warships, a U.S. military mission, a timely quarrel between Stalin and Tito and two further years to save Greece. But Truman's persistence paid off.

His greatest successes came in Germany and Korea. In spite of a first gentle warning from Secretary of State Byrnes in September 1946, the United States' "stampede into demobilization" convinced Stalin that he could practice his favorite philosophy: "What's mine is mine, and what's yours is negotiable." So having almost ruined defeated Germany by debauching the occupation currency, he reacted to the Allies' introduction of a new currency, which he had no plates for printing, by a blockade of West Berlin.

Plus Side for Truman

Truman broke the blockade by a marvelous airlift. Those of us fortunate enough to have witnessed it will never forget those ghostly planes leaving Frankfurt every three minutes in the grey dawn, the nasty buzzing by Soviet fighters over Berlin, or the gratitude of the Berliners. Truman, by looking war in the face at West Berlin, not only saved that city, but presumably West Germany as well.

In Korea he went further; as the executive of the United Nations he "escalated" a local war into a major "police action." Perhaps he should not have stopped when he did. Certainly he saved the Republic of Korea.

So much for the credit side. What of Truman's debit? He missed a chance in February 1948, when Czechoslovak Communists, following a plan prepared by the former Soviet ambassador in Prague, Valerian Zorin, and backed by the presence of strong Soviet armed forces on the frontier, seized the country from a weak-kneed and unsuspecting government. (As late as November 1947, Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk mocked at Dorothy Thompson and this writer for believing that there was danger of a Communist putsch in Czechoslovakia!)

American troops, inferior in numbers to the Russians but backed by the overwhelming power of the bomb, stood passively on the border while Communism took over and dug in. Lack of opposition here unquestionably encouraged Stalin to believe he could get away with the Berlin blockade.

Truman's refusal to risk escalation in Asia had a far more serious consequence, Communist seizure of giant China. Whether American forces stationed in China could have successfully supported the wobbly regime of Chiang Kai-shek against the local Communists, or even against the Russians, will doubtless be the subject of Ph.D. theses for a long time to come. The fact is that for various reasons, including the fear of war with the USSR, the United States side-stepped intervention, gave inadequate help to the national government—and China went Red. Had it not, there would have been no Korean war, no Communist North Vietnam, no American soldiers dying in South Vietnam, no Chinese invasion of India.

What of the Republican Administration's record? Eisenhower came to power pledged to substitute for the static "containment" of Truman a new policy called "roll back" or "liberation." And in the first three years —as Dulles boasted—he three times went to the brink of war, losing only North Vietnam by his last-minute refusal to go near enough. Later, he practiced successful brinkmanship a second time at Quemoy and Matsu, and saved Lebanon by sending in the Marines. These were no small achievements.

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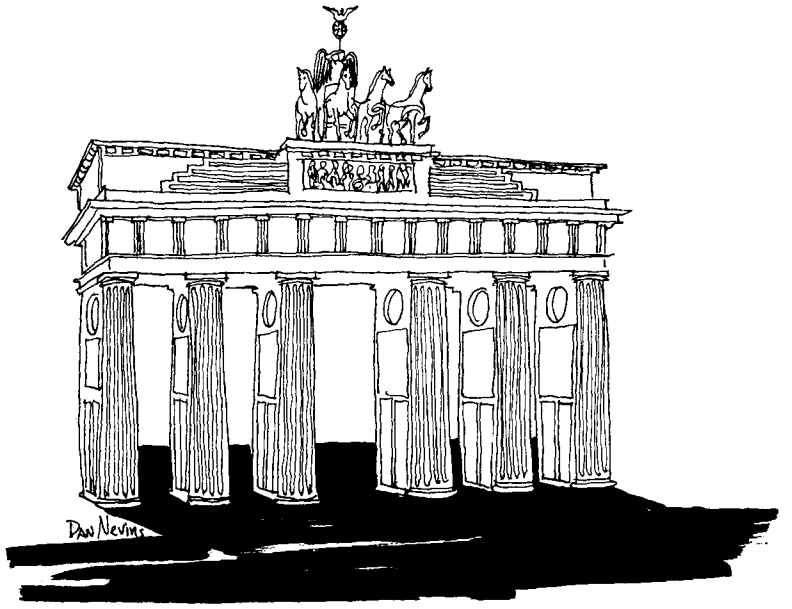

Where, on the other hand, Eisenhower remained passive—during the East German revolt in 1953, the Polish and Hungarian revolts of 1956, Red China's armed seizure of Tibet in 1959, and Castro's devious establishment of a Communist regime in Cuba (evident enough by the middle of 1960)—the adversary scored, and planned the next advance.

President Kennedy's record to date is a variation on the same theme. Failure at the Bay of Pigs seems to have taught him that to resist successfully, an American leader must mean business—bring his own nation to the verge of war—not just help some local group. Moreover, JFK's dubious decision to avoid direct confrontation with Communist forces in Laos by neutralizing that country, his passivity in face of the illegal construction of the Berlin Wall—these obviously misled Mr. K. into imagining that he could with impunity threaten the continental United States from missile bases only ninety miles away.

Yet finally, taking all these lessons to heart, our President planned and carried through one of the most successful acts of brinkmanship on record: by a show of force and the firm will to look even nuclear war in the face, he sent the Russians home from Cuba with their political tails between their legs. (He was clearly the victor last October; whether his subsequent vacillations will throw that victory away is another question.)

In short, no matter what incident of the Cold War one examines, the lesson is clear—the ability to go to the brink is indeed the necessary art.

Only a myopic or cross-eyed critic can miss the fact that protest without action has got us nowhere. Or that Communism has nowhere expanded except by the threat or use of force.

Permanent Protection

This in turn leads to another conclusion: not propaganda and presenting a favorable image to the world, not aid to underdeveloped countries, not a willingness to negotiate rather than to fight, but permanent confrontation, political and military, is the shield of both peace and freedom.

Why so many honest citizens, and not only in America, fail to see this is something of a mystery. Or are we to agree with Eric Hoffer that "to most of us, nothing is so invisible as an unpleasant fact"?

Inevitably, therefore, some of the very people who could have allowed the Soviets to maintain their Cuban missile bases or traded our bases in Turkey and elsewhere for them are now wiping their moist, cold brows and muttering, "Never again." Yet the actual prospect appears to be quite different: until Communism for whatever reason renounces further attempts to expand by everything from threats to "little wars of liberation," the United States must expect to look war in the face, not just once more but regularly.

This is in no sense a happy prospect. Going to the verge is not only hair-raising but in this particular form of political "chicken" Communism has a permanent advantage: it need not anticipate a possible "first strike" or preventive attack by the United States. The Western governments are so firmly committed to peace, have so often sworn that they will never unleash a nuclear war unless provoked beyond due measure, that the Kremlin men have every right to assume—and obviously do assume—that they can continue to probe for soft spots, dupe and subvert dissatisfied peoples and start "little wars of liberation" wherever possible, free from the danger of "massive retaliation" by the West. This confidence we of the West cannot have. Hence the current "balance of terror" is asymmetrical. The Kremlin's hand is, so to speak, on the Cold War thermostat, turning the heat on and off at will.

This is indeed a severe handicap to the forces of freedom.

But it is to some extent compensated by the psychology of the enemy. Soviet Communism, as pointed out by Nathan Leites several years ago (*The Operational Code of the Politburo*), practices a diplomacy diametrically opposed to that prevalent among the great powers before 1914. To those touchy governments, saving face was all-important. Not so the Communist state. While the Communist leader must overlook no opportunity to expand the revolution, he must never risk undoing what has been accomplished or losing what has been gained. In the face of a real menace he must cheerfully submit to "humiliation." Since a nuclear war would mean the total destruction of the Soviet Union (perhaps of Communism itself), the Communist leader's license to play "chicken" or "go to the verge" is severely limited.

On the other hand, he is likely to interpret an adversary's readiness to let him "save face," as after his Cuban rebuff, as a sign that he had been the victim of a bluff—and determine not to recoil the next time.

Yet, however great the risk, for us the alternative to brinkmanship is slow surrender. This, I take it, is what Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara meant when in his speech in Arlington National Cemetery on Veterans Day 1962, he warned that unless we are at all times, "ready to risk everything, even nuclear war . . . we cannot defend anything."

John Foster Dulles would have said Amen.

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The Third World War

De Gaulle, the Seducer

JAMES BURNHAM

For some weeks after de Gaulle's sudden break with London, Washington and NATO, public opinion showed signs of traumatic shock. Nearly everyone had assumed that Britain was going to get into the Common Market; that, whatever disputes arose, the West's nuclear arm was not going to be fractured; that all the major Western nations were going to continue to operate within the framework of a common alliance and strategy. At his January 14 press conference, de Gaulle shattered all three of these assumptions.

Burnham

A few were unperturbed by de Gaulle's behavior: men like Robert Welch, for whom anything de Gaulle has done, does or will do is one more proof that he is a Communist; or those leftists for whom anything he has done, does or will do is one more proof that he is a fascist. But most of the rest of us were shaken and troubled. De Gaulle seemed to be striking out against the three most promising developments in the Western camp.

There are signs that a reaction is setting in to this first, more or less intuitive shock and dismay. On second and third thought, some are saying: well, de Gaulle has a point, after all. . . . Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, in a letter published in the shadow *New York Times* of February 13, gave eloquent expression to this pro-Gaullist swing.

The restoration of the Gaullist image draws on:

1) A feeling that in this affair, Charles de Gaulle has at any rate acted like a man, and not like a bureaucrat, a double-talking diplomat or a whining Liberal.

2) A realization that there was cause for what de Gaulle did in both the strategic situation and Anglo-Saxon conduct.

3) A faith that de Gaulle—as a patriot, good European, Catholic and intellectual aristocrat—could not be pursuing a policy that would be aiding Soviet and Communist interests. Archduke Otto voiced this faith in NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 18, 1962], and Mrs. Luce reaffirmed it.

Undoubtedly de Gaulle acts like a man in the grand style. Since there are so few of them around, it is proper to acknowledge this with a thrill of admiration. Moreover, his acting so in these recent episodes may serve to rouse some of the other Western leaders from their bureaucratic and dream-laden slumbers. And it is true that weighty cause has pushed him toward his present course.

Setting the Policy Compass

Still, the decisive matter is not de Gaulle's personal style or the genesis and cause of his behavior, but the content of his policy. His policy is wrong, wrong not in details or non-essentials but totally, fundamentally wrong. It is almost certain to fail—fortunately, though it could meanwhile do much damage. But if it should by some chance succeed, it could only mean a coordinated "little Europe," nominally neutralist but in actuality subordinate to the Soviet Empire—which, controlling the Eurasian heartland and eastern Europe, must necessarily dominate a West European appendage that is not closely linked to the Anglo-Saxon Atlantic powers.

The faith that a patriot and Catholic would not pursue a policy aiding Soviet and Communist interests is weakly founded. Through ignorance, passion or fate, many a man acts in ways that aid his enemy. De Gaulle is ignorant of the nature of Communism, passionate in his dislike of Anglo-Saxons, and by fate he is leader of a nation sunk from first to second rank.

Archduke Otto was mistaken when he wrote: "Since 1958 a major security job has been carried out [by de Gaulle]. . . . The government . . . has got rid of many Communists." In fact, virtually no Communists have been cleared out of anywhere. Every governmental agency and most private institutions are riddled with them. There are nearly 10,000 Frenchmen held in concentration camps, without trial, by administrative decree. There are no Communists among them.

De Gaulle spares Communists not from any sympathy but out of ignorance and policy: because he doesn't know what Communism is; but more importantly because the Communists are not, like the professional soldiers and the Right, an obstacle to his Grand Design. The present strike was initiated by the Catholic unions, not by the Communist CGT.

Always Audacity

Audacity—as the first Napoleon advised—is the prime mark of de Gaulle's political style; and in a world of mediocre individuals, audacity can make a dazzling display. But it does not make a serious policy. De Gaulle's present moves are founded on defeat in Africa, retreat from the huge Algerian territories (six times the size of metropolitan France), liquidation of the bases in North Africa (even Bizerte and Mers-el-Kebir are now being phased out), acceptance of the de facto expulsion of a million Frenchmen from their homes (a half-million more, indeed, counting Morocco and Tunisia). Maybe all this was inevitable, de Gaulle or no de Gaulle. But it is absurd to believe that such acts of failure, weakness and defeat could be the premises of a positive, advancing, hopeful policy.

In reality, de Gaulle's present moves continue the same pattern of withdrawal and negation displayed in the Algerian events: shrinking from the greater horizons of the Atlantic alliance toward the womb of the Europe of Charlemagne; fear before the economic challenge of the world market; hope of escaping the conflict of the superpowers; petty-bourgeois longing (for Voltaire as well as Charlemagne is in de Gaulle's lineage) to cultivate one's own fenced garden.

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102 Great Ideas—No More, No Less

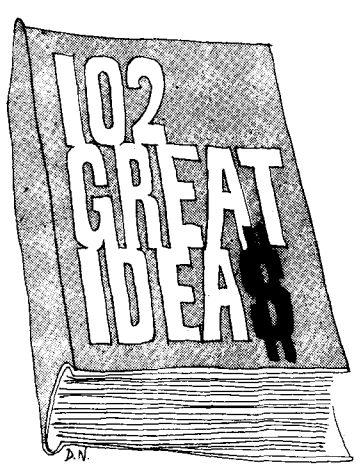
The author, having scrutinized *The Great Ideas Today* (Mortimer J. Adler, Dr. Robert Hutchins), has come up with a great conclusion—it's buncombe

JOHN LEONARD

Mr. Nelson Algren, one of the finest living American writers, once referred to Mortimer J. Adler as the Lawrence Welk of the philosophy trade. Now that is a profound remark, a many-faceted remark, one that I have studied as I have studied maestro Welk's bubble machine, over the years, with a good deal of awe. It is the sort of remark to treasure, too, for the day may come when it can be used to silence an opponent. That day came for me just a few weeks ago, when two young men in pinstripe suits and shoulder pads, carrying briefcases, arrived at my door and told me they were engaged in a research project for the University of Chicago, and could I help them? Of course I could help them; I invited them in. They made themselves comfortable, and remarked on the furniture, and laughed pleasantly as if they were shuffling a deck of cards, and finally one asked me, with just a touch of condescension: "Have you ever heard of Mortimer J. Adler?" "Why, yes," I replied. "He's the Lawrence Welk of the philosophy trade." Well, now, I can't expect everyone to take quite as much pleasure in this anecdote as I do, and I wish I could finish it off with a melodramatic flourish—such as: they whipped out their pocket Syntopicons and—zap! I was sterile. For that's what they were selling: the fabulous Syntopicon, and Mortimer J. Adler's Great Books program, and the idea that you, too, can have the world's wisdom triple-cross-indexed and available only a whim away, for each and every occasion. There is something insidious about the whole idea, and it becomes more insidious the more I think about it, and *The Great Ideas Today*, edited by Mr. Adler and Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, is an aspect of that expanding insidiousness.

I should begin with a description of the book. It weighs three pounds, and it is subtitled: "A dynamic new work which focuses the wisdom of the past upon the problems of today." According to this book, there are exactly 102 Great Ideas, no more, no less. We are never told just how the pincer-like movement of the minds of Adler and Hutchins arrived at that curiously frightening number; it reminds me of the radio advertisements for a beer brewed in Southern California, which went through exactly as many trial runs before being perfected. The 102 Great Ideas are conveniently listed for us, and we are advised in a brief introduction that if we require additional information or elaboration, at the end of each chapter will be listings which detail pertinent passages to be found in the Great Books, and the reference number in the Syntopicon which appertains. This is not to say that *The Great Ideas Today* is just a gimmick to push Adler's culture-by-pills Great Books program; or if it is such a gimmick, it comes highly priced, nine dollars worth.

Now I have no great objection to the contents of *The Great Ideas Today*, despite the fact that it is a monumental slab of pretentiousness. There



is an interesting debate between Justice William O. Douglas and Peregrine Worsthorne on whether democracy is best suited for the new nations. Einstein's theory of relativity, John Dewey's *Education and Experience*, and inexplicably, Molière's play, *The School for Wives*, are included in the text. Hutchins and Adler review the year in the light of the great ideas of the past; there are three essays by Arnold Toynbee; and there are contributions by Mark Van Doren, Walter Sullivan, Edward A. Shils, Gilbert Cant and George B. Grant. All this is at least as interesting as the current issue of *Harper's* magazine, and only sixteen times as expensive. If I have an objection to this particular book, it is to the tone and the intention. Let me quote from a letter to reviewers which accompanied the book. The letter is signed by Mortimer J. Adler, and it begins thus: "Dear reviewer: Many thoughtful people have felt a need for a book that would help relate the great thinking and writing of the past to today's problems. Through my long association with the Great Books movement, I have been particularly conscious of the need for such a book. Readers have constantly expressed a desire for a work that would bridge the gap between the past and the present. To fill this need, Mr. Hutchins and I have collaborated again as editors to produce *The Great Ideas Today*. We hope you will find it a significant contribution." I intrude here merely to note Mr. Adler's phraseology. He says "to fill this need"; not to attempt to fill this need, not to make a noble stab at it, but to fill it. A little later on in the letter, in describing the debate on the new nations, Mr. Adler writes: "Here two experts take one of the 102 basic ideas and translate it into terms of today. The idea is democracy, the

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place is Africa, the time is now. The result is a fast moving debate that throws light on one of the most vexatious problems of our time." Mr. Adler's letter to reviewers concludes with a quotation from the indefatigable Clifton Fadiman, who says of Mr. Adler's book: "Here is an absolutely new, gleaming educational tool. It does not *supplement* the news; but, by viewing our current life against the rich, fascinating backdrop of 2,500 years of human thought and experience, it makes the news—I think for the first time—*intelligible.*"

Literary Trompe-l'Oeil

All right. I'm prepared to admit that some dour hack in a publicity office somewhere in the grey downtown wrote this letter for Mr. Adler, and he signed it without reading it, and it might now embarrass him. This sort of thing goes on all the time, and, after all, Mr. Adler is a busy man. He writes books like *How to Read a Book,* and he is required to pose for photographs which always appear in magazines accompanying advertisements for Syntopicon. What I would like to know is what on earth they think they're doing at the University of Chicago. Why does the Encyclopedia Britannica publish such a compendium, garlanded about as it is with all these putrefying flowers of self-praise? And just what sort of soaring arrogance inspires Mr. Adler and Mr. Hutchins to play hero-savants bringing the culture-serum across the wastes to the sick idiots and starving minds of our land? One hundred and two Great Basic Ideas! This is a con job, and it is no less offensive for having been perpetrated by the Lawrence Welk of the philosophy trade and a middle-aged *enfant terrible.*

Americans are the last maimed children of the Enlightenment, and they still believe in the last great promise of those reasonable *philosophes*: they believe in education. Pick up the latest issue of any detective or girlie magazine, and read the ads in the back of the book. They have embarrassing pathos about them: they each hold out the promise of a better life, an easier life, a more interesting life, and most of them offer it through education. Learn how to hypnotize for $1.98; take high school courses at home; play the piano; repair radios in your spare time; train yourself in the wily arts of hotel-motel management; acquire power through the secrets of the ancients; be a private detective, analyze handwriting, write songs, upholster your own home, grow cultured pearls, assemble pump lamps; learn to draw, to butcher meat, accountancy, jujitsu, spray painting, public speaking, piano tuning, roof framing, bartending, yoga and incredible sexual prowess. I have taken all these examples from one issue of one detective magazine: it is keys these people toss out in their advertisements, keys to all the locked doors in small lives. And Americans are childlike, and they believe in bettering themselves, and they clip the coupons and they send in for the informational booklet and they pay money to learn to be better, more interesting, more powerful, more talented than they are. There is a hard gem inside them that refuses to believe they can't make it, and their brain like a fist closes over that gem, and they have faith. It is the same faith of faceless people who consign whole paychecks to the coffers of hucksters in traveling revivalist camps; it is the same faith, also, that moves parents to leave the city in order that their children might grow up where there is air, and grow up into better people. At its lowest level, it is terrible and sad; but it is also capable of proud gestures. That is why when little men hiding behind detective magazines take advantage of it, they deal cheaply with more than themselves; they deal with materials they have no right to touch, materials which involve such things as innocence, and deserve the same sort of protection.

Instant Wisdom

All right, again. What does this have to do with *The Great Ideas Today?* Well, I think you can see where I'm leading. The same basic approach is involved. The same trading on American innocence. The same cheap cashing-in on desperate dreams of being cultured and wise, of moving through life with the dreamlike ease with which witty young men and glamorous young women move through the pages of contemporary novels. Mortimer J. Adler has said you can't be cultured on thirty minutes a day dieting, but in the promotional material for his Great Books program, and in this new work, he has implied that you can, and must. Every man can grasp the wisdom of the ages. There are only 102 Basic Ideas; memorize them; underline them in your newspapers and magazines when they crop up in whatever peculiar forms; chant them to your friends as if they were a German vocabulary lesson and you were to be tested tomorrow. And so the young men in padded shoulders bring Syntopicons door-to-door in big brown briefcases, and peddle packages of wisdom as if they were brushes or amazing new dentifrices or Luce magazines. You, too, can quote Machiavelli. And with Syntopicon, why, whenever an idea bursts full-

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blown from someone's bloody brow into your living room, you can look it up in the cross-reference, and within minutes pluck up the pertinent remarks from the gutted masters on the subject. I find this objectionable; I find it cheap; and I think it's only the beginning.

Several months ago I made some remarks on paperback books and what was involved in merchandising culture, and many people thought I was attacking an industry that brought books to people who otherwise couldn't afford their own library. That wasn't what I meant. What I meant was that there is a growing tendency to think that ideas are just like any other consumer product, like frozen foods and bonbons and garden furniture and a house with a view and a fallout shelter; that the growth of a great middlebrow class which looks upon literature and all the other cultural artifacts as something really rather ordinary, something comfortable, something to accompany the contemplative mood—that this growth has brought with it an attitude that reduces art and literature to mere appurtenances. They are easily obtainable luxuries now, but they have nothing to do with the business of life, and more and more we come to say about the novel, for instance, that it doesn't have anything to do with Berlin, or Katanga, or Madison Avenue, or Little Rock, or the Irish Mafia, or why improbable men like George Christopher are cast up out of the great maw of democracy to misgovern modern American cities. Culture is all right for cocktail parties, for after-dinner conversation: just so long as it's spayed, teethed, and house-broken. It has become so available it has nothing to do with our real lives. We read the right books in the same way we wear the right clothes: because we have a right to do so, and because if we didn't, we'd be conspicuous. Now this isn't all the fault of Mortimer J. Adler by any means, although he trades on it and exploits it. It is partially the fault of the whole middlebrow set that presides over American cultural manners, and sends down its civilized dicta via the *New York Times* or the Book-of-the-Month Club or whatever other oracle it may choose. Can anyone, for instance, ever recall a book that Clifton Fadiman *didn't* like? These tired toothless tigers of culture prowl around their studies, and there is about them the stink of after-dinner cigars, the stickiness of Cointreau, the smell of morocco-bound books and green leather chairs and elbow patches on tweed reading jackets. Our domesticated literary criticism no longer even bothers to talk about the content of books. Instead, it discourses on style; it expatiates on derivation; it smokes a book in much the same way as it smokes a pipe—incidentally. And so our authors and critics alike, in order to convince themselves that they have reached the public, that they really matter, are required to burlesque whatever talent they might possess by becoming public performers. They must quip wittily on television panels; they must appear in the gossip columns; they must write articles for *Esquire*. By becoming public personalities they too may someday be elevated into American culture heroes, like Carl Sandburg and Gary Cooper. And one culture hero always scratches another culture hero's back. Why is this? It is because their real work is never taken seriously, and they know it, and ever since Henry James bothered to apologize for being a novelist by trying to defend it, his insecure fellows have been on the defensive. Look at Salvador Dali; at the late Robert Frost!

Today everybody is better read, everybody goes to the theater, everybody talks about Plato and existentialism and *Lolita*, but for all the noise, there abides a strange silence. Because you can't spend all that time being a public personality, revered by crowds and awarded plaques and interviewed on quiz shows, and at the same time get on with your work, and do it decently. There is silence, and there is vacuum, and into the vacuum ease the Mortimer Adlers, each with his own Syntopicon, each with iron dollar-signs tacked to the soles of his shoes, each prepared to walk across the snow, to burn culture on the bland brow of America, and make a profit at it. If we were pagans, we would bring baskets of ears to the University of Chicago. But we aren't. We want to believe. And ours is that same pathos of the little old ladies sitting beside their radio sets, combing their long grey thoughts. The room is stuffy, and the sweet heat curls languorously about us, and words intrude, and voices come to speak to us of secret pleasures, the sort that used to titillate the kings; of the caramel of sex; of the young lyric poet who lies wounded with words bleeding out of his side; of the incense of sentimental music; of the dissolution of time in an exact and endless punctuation; of wisdom. Mothers all, the little old ladies, and the world drops, sticky with mucus, from our loins, and we are unable to stop the blood, and the rush of life stains our sofas, our carpets, our lives. There are 102 Great Ideas. Watch your step; you wouldn't want to squash one of them.

Sonnet of the Peace Marchers

Though we have grown our beards and marched for peace,
Fallout 'pon the world continues falling.
It pelts the verdant trees without surcease—
The Russell of their leaves is most aPauling.
So don once more car coats and leotards,
Put on dark glasses and lift up our sign,
And sing the songs of all the barefoot bards—
Like those who held the Albacete Line!
Our British cousins, in Trafalgar Square,
Squat for peace and have their spirits fed
By that brave phrase repeated everywhere—
That "It's far better to be Red than dead."
Such thoughts spring out from Bertrand's hoary mane
And drop, like diamond dandruff, down to SANE.

JOHN D. KIRWAN

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Letter from Asia

India After the Blow

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Visiting India for the first time after the Chinese aggression is quite an experience. To the masses, the Chinese aggression came as a real shock. They were quite unprepared for it despite the long-standing Chinese occupation of the Ladakh *salient* and the brazen building of a military road smack across it while Mr. Nehru desperately tried to mobilize public opinion against—Portugal! Obviously it is easier to run down a neighbor you outnumber sixty to one than one who outnumbers you four to three. And since the attack on Goa was launched in order to rally the population of Northern Bombay to re-elect Krishna Menon, the sacrifice of moral prestige abroad, through the discarding of non-violence in foreign affairs, was in vain. As it turned out, Menon was no sooner re-elected than he was forced out, which doesn't mean that his return to politics is to be discounted.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

How It Happened

Only after considerable delay did all the causes for the defeat in the Himalayas leak through. There was, to start with, willful unpreparedness; a result of the pacifist, pro-Communist ideological blinders which Prime Minister Nehru and his advisers have worn for so many years. Second, politicians rather than military men made the decisions on defense matters with the result that the Indian Army was far more geared to deal with Pakistan (or Portugal) than with China. Training for mountain warfare was almost nonexistent and the soldiers, having lived mostly in tropical climes, suddenly found themselves freezing to death and suffering from acute mountain sickness. And finally, plain inefficiency. To cite just one case: a regiment in Assam waited for hours on a siding while en route to the front because a local stationmaster insisted on giving priority to scheduled passenger trains. All this exacted a heavy toll in the lives of brave men.

Believe it or not, all posters—and there are many—portray Mr. Nehru as a hero in shining armor, as an innocent man who has been "betrayed" and who deserves the nation's unconditional loyalty. One hears constantly that it has now become a patriotic duty not to criticize Gandhi's appointed heir, but to support him to the hilt.

In spite of such propaganda, in spite of India's continued support of Red China at the UN, in spite of the lukewarm attitude of the Delhi government toward American, British and Canadian military aid, there's been a marked change in attitude toward the West. People in the big centers have been profoundly impressed by the swiftness of Anglo-American action. For days and nights big Indian airfields were cluttered with incoming aircraft, hotels crowded with military men, and the uniforms of the English-speaking nations most conspicuous in the streets. The Soviet reticence in giving India either moral or physical support came as a most painful surprise.

Why the Chinese attacked when and where they did is still a mystery. But there are good and bad guesses. Many informed observers think the Chinese attack was aimed at Russia, rather than India. They reason that at that particular stage of the ideological battle between Moscow and Peiping it was to China's advantage to put Russia on the spot by hitting her protégé, India. Khrushchev was suddenly faced by a most unpleasant choice: either to aid India and then be exposed by China in the Communist camp as a man who would, in an emergency, side with a bourgeois power (against a Communist ally), or to remain passive and lose face in India. Khrushchev did the latter because for him it was still the lesser evil. Having completely achieved their psychological-political purpose through military action, say these theorists, the Chinese withdrew.

In the meantime India stubbornly sticks to certain egalitarian idiocies. One is the discrimination against Brahmans for whom, believe it or not, there is a sort of quota at the universities, coupled with desperate efforts to get *harijans* ("members of the unscheduled castes") to matriculate. One Indian told me seriously that this policy was a necessary precept of social justice because the Brahmans are "too clever" and will "monopolize higher education" unless they are checked. A research center of a big Swiss pharmaceutical firm in Bombay, which hires the best talent available without regard to caste or class, has a work force which is 70 per cent Brahman and these are mostly southerners who are brighter (and darker) than northerners. The waste of talent involved in this incredible government policy is fabulous.

Foreign Objectives

In Madras I met one of the truly bright southerners, India's Grand Old Man—Shri Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, the surviving co-founder of the Swatantra Party. He was Governor General of India when it was still a Dominion (1948-1950) and he broke with the Congress Party in 1954. Rajaji, as his supporters call him, is a most impressive personality, tall, thin, 84 years old, a man of great erudition and a subtle thinker. "Swatantra" means "self-effort" and clearly hints at the Party's anti-socialist character which, needless to say, does not make electioneering any easier. The Congress Party, physically and psychologically, keeps an iron grip on the nation as the liberation party and still cashes in on the Gandhi nimbus. To Rajaji, India's most important foreign policy problem is the Kashmir question which needs to be settled once and for all in order to establish at least a secure western border. His next objective would be a firm alliance with the Free World.

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Poetry and Such

William Carlos Williams: In Memoriam

HUGH KENNER

His innocence lingers: innocence and aching vulnerability. He went unprotected by any public role. He wouldn't have known how to be a literary man if he had wanted to try. One day he read from his poems, for an hour or so, in (wasn't it?) a Newark department store, more or less heard, one imagines, by holiday shoppers. He would have been seventy-five then, and he did it because he was invited to. (Who could have invited him? The management?) He believed fiercely in poems, in a public need for words released, set dancing: he would do anything at all to serve that belief.

. . . Look at
what passes for the new
You will not find it there but in
despised poems.
It is difficult
to get the news from poems
yet men die miserably every day
for lack
of what is found there. . . .

Yet so disengaged was he from his own achievement that he died, six months short of his eightieth birthday, pathetically unpersuaded of its magnitude. It was the only pathetic trait in an indomitable man.

For no role sustained him. Has any poet ever before rejected so radically the stay, and temptation, of poet's status? It was a heroic venture, persisted in for six decades. Williams struck a miraculous equilibrium: he did a job as a poet, and with such passion and tenacity that American poetry groups itself around twin peaks, Williams and Whitman; but as to what he *was*, he was a physician. The careers twinned from the start.

He had the physician's toughness, the physician's irritability. He had had his sleep broken too often by nuisance house-calls to cosset his medical life in sentimentalities. All those people whom he served with passion upheld him and encroached on him. He had stood by too often at needless deaths to believe in either the infallible power of man to intervene, or in the capacity of merely conventional words to sustain. The bereaved long for words, the dying long to speak them. It is when we try to speak from the heart that we understand how man's way is smoothed by ritual, and regret the deadness of our residual rituals in a pragmatic time.

The pathetic verse whose neck Williams saw no point in wringing, the limp iambic rhymes that struggled up toward heaven in 1910 out of every opened magazine in New Jersey, constituted a dead residual ritual, pointless, offensive. **He set out** to carry American verse in one lifetime, by sheer intensity of application, all the way from demotic speech to indigenous ceremony: "a reply to Greek and Latin with the bare hands."

Every day in his consulting room people struggled and stammered, the illiterate people as well as the normally glib, to convey the simplest matters, matters justifying an often difficult journey to an interview that would have to be paid for: my child's pallor, my aching foot, and the meaning of these facts in worry and disequilibrium.

No poet has had a better chance to know how people are lost when they set about examining their lives, or to listen to American speech rhythms under stress. He wanted speech to issue as though unpremeditated, word after word to drop into place: the bare truth to sing.

Let the snake wait under
his weed
and the writing
be of words, slow and quick, sharp
to strike, quiet to wait,
sleepless.

—through metaphor to reconcile
the people and the stones.
Compose. (No ideas
but in things) Invent!
Saxifrage is my flower that splits
the rocks.

As the professional golfer can count on sinking a ten-foot putt at one stroke, so years of tireless practice permitted him, sometimes, to write in fifteen minutes a poem as durable as the language can conceive. Those were the quarter-hours he lived for. In old age, crippled by stroke after stroke, his speech impaired, his right hand paralyzed, he would still sit early of a morning at his electric typewriter, dropping the maneuvered finger on one key after another, writing and rewriting sometimes brief sketches, sometimes very long poems. The fifth part of *Paterson*, the great meditation on love and on his own death ("Asphodel, that Greeny Flower"), the whole of the work contained in *Pictures from Breughel*, came out of those years.

Language and the Poet

A lifetime's discipline raised up, out of the pain and plodding and confusion of those last mornings, an effortless artless eloquence, as tender or as vigorous as he could want it to be: as though he had been schooling himself all his life for the time when he would have his freest work to do, and would have to do it under those conditions. The first four books of *Paterson* (1946-51) are his most solid achievement; the last work *(Pictures from Breughel,* 1962) the most poignant, simplest and loveliest. He had brought the language by concern and love to an utter, feminine responsiveness. He wrote often about the language itself, and about the imagination's way with it: never better than in the "Song" he conceived one morning with Botticelli's Venus somewhere in his limpid, eager mind, and saw printed in this magazine two years ago:

beauty is a shell
from the sea
where she rules triumphant
till love has had its way with her

scallops and
lion's paws
Sculptured to the
tune of retreating waves

undying accents
repeated till
the ear and the eye lie
down together in the same bed

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Concerning the Education of Clergymen

In the course of my travels the length and breadth of this land, often I am struck with the innocence of both Protestant and Catholic clergy in matters political and economic. For innocence, read — if you will — ignorance. The seminaries teach next to nothing in these disciplines, and candidates for Holy Orders—with some honorable exceptions—seem to have acquired but scanty information about the civil social order before they begin to proceed to a school of theology.

Kirk

I certainly do not desire to return our men of the cloth to the illusion of the Social Gospel—now a dying influence among them, with its last redoubt, perhaps, Boston University. Yet though minister and priest ought not to set up as arbiters of things secular, still they must be concerned with the relationship between religious doctrine and the art of worldly wisdom. For this, some fairly disciplined knowledge of social reality is necessary.

Obscuring Treacle

As matters go nowadays, too many clergymen let themselves be ruled by vague social sentiments, which slide into humanitarianism—by definition the negation of a transcendent understanding of the human condition—without recognizing the pit into which they have fallen. Though full of good intentions, they tend to forget what Hell is paved with.

Perhaps the best example of this lamentable innocence is the attitude of some—not a few—ministers and priests toward the question of poverty, as related to charity and justice. Such gentlemen tend to regard the existence of poverty as the fault of Vested Interests, or of a negligent government, or of a set of veritable Dives sybarites blind willfully to their stewardship.

While it is possible for poverty to be caused by such influences, this is not generally so in the West of the twentieth century.

Christian orthodoxy looks upon poverty as no evil, but rather as an occasion for virtue, to be rewarded by God. The Bible and the Fathers of the Church repeatedly speak of poverty—even involuntary poverty—as a blessed state. Correspondingly, the rich man can enter heaven no more easily than a camel may pass through the eye of a needle: that is, the rich have great temptations and heavy responsibilities, and you can't take it with you.

But, ignoring this teaching, some ministers of the Gospel become unconscious Marxists, considering material want the greatest of evils, and inveighing against every inequality of condition—for which doctrine of material equality, really, there is no warrant in Scripture. They might well read old Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Religio Medici:*

> Statists that labour to contrive a *commonwealth without poverty* take away the object of our charity; not understanding only the commonwealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ. ["The poor ye shall have always with you."]

Christians are strictly enjoined, indeed, to relieve want to the utmost of their ability. But the essence of charity lies in its voluntary character.

The further charity is removed from family and locality—the more impersonal charity becomes—the less meritorious it becomes. Collective charity, through the agency of the state—and especially through the agency of a remote centralized state—is both less kind and less virtuous than personal giving. And if this collective charity degenerates into mere taxation of the prosperous for the benefit of the less wealthy, through the votes of the benefiting crowd—why, it ceases to be charity, and becomes first cousin to theft. There is no merit in robbing Peter to pay Paul.

If some clergymen fail to understand charity, a Christian moral concept, it is no wonder they do not understand the concept of justice, more classical than distinctly Christian. Justice consists in giving to each man the things that are his due. To treat all men as if they were identical units, without regard to their deserts and their talents, is profoundly hostile both to the great tradition of our politics and to Christian teaching. Yet there are clergymen whose notion of justice cannot be distinguished from that of Marx, who wrote that "In order to create equality, we must first treat men unequally"—that is, to despoil the able, the energetic, and the possessors of property, in order to benefit the deified masses.

Aside from these concerns of doctrine, such clergymen often speak as if we were living in the Bleak Age, with suffering industrial masses and every eleventh person dying in the workhouse—when, obviously enough, ours is the affluent society. They do not look into the realities of our time, but visit the alleged sins of our nineteenth-century fathers upon our generation.

How many of them have read such penetrating observations as this passage by Professor Glenn Tinder in an essay called "Human Estrangement and the Failure of Political Imagination" (*Review of Politics*)?

> The rather indiscriminate fervor of many Liberals and socialists for the extension of welfare measures can appear highly ludicrous if one reflects on the degree of welfare which almost everyone already enjoys.

For that matter, how many preachers have read Mr. T. S. Eliot's *The Idea of a Christian Society*? Or any recent serious work that relates Christian doctrines to our present discontents? Some actually take their texts from the most secularistic of weeklies of opinion.

"Poverty, Charity, and Justice" might well be the title of a regular course in most seminaries. This knowledge lacking, the ordained pastor may become a Pharisee.

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Keynes Revisited

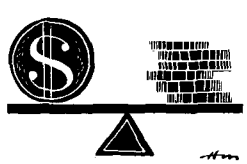
WILHELM ROEPKE

There are many bonds which, I feel, connect me with Professor David McCord Wright—quite beside the fact that we are both afflicted with the same physical handicap of being hard of hearing (this, by the way, seems to be unusually common among contemporary economists and itself deserves a penetrating sociological analysis). I have always been very sympathetic to his personality and to his scientific work, and I am happy to know that he reciprocates my feelings. If I am not mistaken, he belongs, broadly speaking, to my own generation of economists, men who learnt their trade in the intellectual climate of the pre-Keynesian age and then felt compelled to adjust their fundamental outlook on economic problems both to the experience of the Great Depression and to its interpretation by Keynes.

All this is reason enough why I have read with the utmost interest the collection of lectures which Professor Wright has now published under the title *The Keynesian System*. My first reaction is great admiration for his success in bringing into this exploration of the Keynesian and post-Keynesian maze as much order and clarity as is possible. With a patience which, I fear, I would be sadly lacking in such a case, with all the gifts of a great teacher, with an exemplary degree of intellectual probity, and with an enviable combination of lucidity and suggestiveness which does not involve any sacrifice of scientific rigor, Professor Wright achieves the tour de force of making Keynes' *General Theory of Employment* seem to be a book whose main ideas can be grasped without desperate effort. Anyone who knows that it is, in fact, one of the most abstruse and worst-organized books in economics will fully appreciate this achievement. We may wonder whether this didactic effort did not need, besides the other virtues already mentioned, a good measure also of simple charity and generosity, which very often gives Keynes the benefit of the doubt—if it does not even, at times, resolve Keynesian inconsistencies into McCord Wrightian syllogisms. There may also be readers who will wonder whether there is not some ominous significance in the fact that Keynes, who is generally considered a master of English prose, seems to have lost his grip when trying to make articulate the ideas of his *magnum opus*.

The Keynesian System, by David McCord Wright. Fordham, $3.00

There is nothing more agreeable than reading a book which gives one the feeling that its clarity and smoothness have not been bought by the sacrifice of rigor and meaningfulness. To this rare class *The Keynesian System* belongs. I like to think that the pleasure of reading it will be shared both by Keynesians and non-Keynesians. To understand what Professor Wright explains as "Basic Keynesianism"; to look with him into the "Keynesian Tool Box"; to follow him in his "Broadening the Model"; and finally to consider his attempt at a just appraisal of the "Keynesian Social Policy" and of what is dead in Keynesianism and what might be salvaged by the last ounce of goodwill—all this is so delightful that one regrets that, because the book originated as a series of lectures, he had to cram his exposition into 86 pages.



Reading these pages of my colleague, I found it natural to compare his almost lifelong struggle with Keynes and its final outcome to my own effort to assimilate the experience of the Great Depression and its intellectual reflection in Keynes' mind, without being permanently poisoned by it. Here, perhaps, I should remind the reader of *The Keynesian System* of the almost forgotten fact that, as far as the one really solid piece of Keynesianism is concerned, we had no need to wait for *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* to see the light. Years before this gospel of Keynesianism had appeared, *i.e.*, long before 1936, there had been in several countries economists who conceived its essential idea and who recommended a way out of what I myself had called in 1933 (in my contribution to *Economic Essays in Honor of Gustav Cassel*) the "secondary depression" by policies which break up the process of cumulative economic contraction through deliberate expansion of effective demand. There were, to name only a few, Jacob Viner in the United States, Bertil Ohlin in Sweden, L. A. Hahn and Wilhelm Lautenbach in Germany.

MOREOVER, it might be said that when Keynes blew his trumpet the worst of the Great Depression was already over, not least of all because those pre-Keynesian recommendations had produced some practical results. I remember myself very vividly the great satisfaction which Keynes expressed to me in London in 1933 when he had read my manuscript on "Trends in German Business Cycle Policy" (published in his *Economic Journal*, September 1933), where I had explained the development and practical importance of ideas in Germany similar to his own.

What was the really solid piece of "Keynesianism" for which Keynes himself cannot claim originality? It was the idea that, under quite exceptional circumstances, there may ap-

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pear "traps" through which "effective demand" really vanishes so as to cause unemployment of the "Keynesian" kind, and that this may occur, under an even more exceptional combination of conditions, on such a scale that a deliberate policy of pumping additional "effective demand" into the economic system may be justifiable in order to restore equilibrium by filling the "investment gap." All of us who can claim to have been Keynesians *avant la lettre* more than thirty years ago had come—most of us very reluctantly and fully conscious of doing something desperate in a desperate situation—to the conclusion that the Great Depression was such a rare occurrence.

To admit this is one thing. But to build an entirely new system of economic ideas and policies upon such a counsel of despair; to turn a highly "special" theory of employment into a "general" theory and derive from it recipes for practical policies to be applied everywhere, under any circumstances and at any time (like the proverbial purgative invariably prescribed by the comic type of army doctor)—that, indeed, is quite another thing. If, on top of this, such an illegitimate "general" theory is built hastily, obscurely, and in a way which leads to all sorts of misunderstandings, and is presented in a doctrinaire manner and with obvious delight in being provocative and shocking to the natural tendencies of moderation, wisdom and continuity, then even those who had at one time felt sympathetic toward the "special" theory cannot do otherwise than draw the line very firmly between themselves and such a "general" theory.

It gives me great satisfaction to see that Professor Wright has arrived at the same conclusions, *suaviter in modo*. Basically I feel that we agree both in giving to Keynes the place which he deserves and in refusing to see in him more than an economist who had some good and even brilliant ideas, but who was far from putting economic science and economic policy on a new and sound basis. "Pure Keynesianism," to give a sample of the wise conclusions of Professor Wright's little book, "tends to suggest that if money expenditure is maintained and stimulated all will be well. There is altogether too much emphasis upon demand, and interruptions of the money flow, and not nearly enough upon supply, and capital formation." Or: "No one who studied only the Keynesian system would be likely to find the type of unemployment theory that is of greatest relevance to the majority of the human race today."

THESE and so many other phrases are golden words indeed. On the other hand, I am sure that Professor Wright will not disagree with me if I add to his list of Keynesian failures and fallacies some others which do not seem to me less important than those which he had the space to discuss. It is all a matter of emphasis; but personally I would stress as one of the worst mental habits for which Keynes should be held responsible his tendency towards aggregative thinking in economics. This has rendered many of our younger economists almost incapable of seeing behind their global entities ("national product," "investment," "income," and so on) the reality of economic life as a system of innumerable individual markets and prices determining each other.

There are many other questions to which reflections about Keynes and Keynesianism will give rise. To mention only one of the most exciting: how can we explain the extraordinary influence of this man and of his abstruse book?

To say that Keynesianism was so successful because it was such a help in overcoming the Great Depression is entirely beside the point because, as I have said, policies of re-expansion in the thirties did not wait for

Random Notes

● MOVIES: *Lawrence of Arabia* is being replaced by a shorter version everywhere except England, where they won't stand for it. . . . Meanwhile, the Irish now have a complete, uncut, uncensored *Gone with the Wind*. . . . Even before it was published or became a Book-of-the-Month selection or was serialized in *McCall's* or condensed for *Reader's Digest*, Warner Bros. paid a zillion dollars for Herman Wouk's *Youngblood Hawke* and now they propose to film it, starring Warren Beatty and Suzanne Pleshette. It will probably run to five hours and no one will ever cut it and we hope the Irish never let it into the country. . . . *Variety* reviews, "for record only," a movie seen in the U.S. only by the Hollywood Foreign Press Association and U Thant, Leonide Moguy's *Les hommes veulent vivre*. Comment: "Anti-nuclear research drama. Producers ignore Russian co-leadership in A-Bombs and make Uncle Sam alone the heavy. Unlikely to reach commercial market."

● COMING THROUGH: The brass has decided that our troops overseas can have *The First Family* and it's now in the PX's. . . . James Thurber's letters are to be edited by his wife, who has just attended to the dedication of Thurber Village, a Columbus urban complex. . . . John Faulkner, under oath not to write about William in his lifetime, has written *My Brother Bill*, announced for publication in June by Simon & Schuster.

● BOOKS: Horizon Press promises two full-length studies of departed giants. For March, Cecily Mackworth's *Guillaume Apollinaire and the Cubist Life* ($5.75); for April, Frank MacShane's *The Life and Work of Ford Madox Ford* ($5.95). . . . The Dublin crowd is tossing off books hand and foot: Ulick O'Connor's *The Times I've Seen*, a biography of Oliver St. John Gogarty, is on the Obolensky list for May ($6.95). Lloyd Frankenberg has collected the unpublished writings of James Stephens under the title *James, Seumas, and Jacques*, out in March (Macmillan, $2.75). . . . And there are two more scriptural aids to *Finnegans Wake*, Clive Hart's *Concordance* (Minnesota, $12.50) and Adaline Glasheen's *A Second Census of Finnegans Wake* (Northwestern, $7.50).

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the appearance of *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. Is not the real explanation rather to be found in the fact that Keynes and Keynesianism seem to give scientific blessing to what people in general are inclined to think, more or less vaguely, anyway, and to do, more or less timidly, anyway? The urge to spend is always strong, the temptation to forget the virtue of sound finance is always powerful, most of all in modern mass democracy. Social envy, which makes people desire to take from some and give to others, is always active. But all these and similar tendencies had, since time immemorial, been kept in check by their generally bad intellectual and moral reputation. People were always only too prone to sin in those respects but they did so with bad conscience and with the knowledge that respectable economics was against them. Now, however, came one of the first minds of our time to relieve people — all those eager to spend, to soak the rich, or to despise financial and monetary discipline— of their bad conscience and to tell them: *pecca fortiter!*

But not only that. Sin was not only excused by Keynesianism, but turned into a positive virtue, while those holding to the old virtues were exposed to ridicule and contempt. It was easy enough to make it a sort of intellectual parlor game for the moderately sophisticated. And once these had made an intellectual investment, it was natural enough for them to defend their vested interest tooth and nail. Keynesianism was for them a sort of intellectual fixed capital while, for the master, it had been only intellectual working capital.

It is (and here I beg to differ somewhat with Professor Wright) small comfort to know that the master had considered his doctrine only as working capital and had outgrown it by the end of his life. Meanwhile the mischief had been done, and all the exhortations by the master could not restore the innocence and the belief in logic he had done so much to destroy. Without his lingering influence we can hardly understand the secular inflation of our age which, as we know, is essentially a moral and intellectual disease. But that is a long story into which it would be hardly fair to enter on this occasion.

To a Young Prince

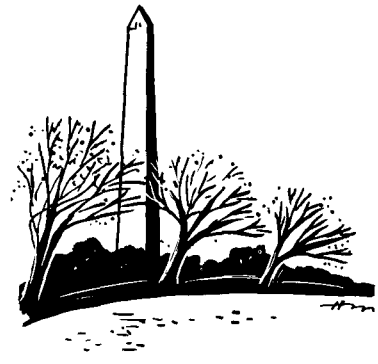
JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

FOR THE FIRST 300 pages of his *Deadlock of Democracy*, James MacGregor Burns writes such objective history that one is inclined to wonder what all the shouting is about.

***The Deadlock of Democracy*, by James MacGregor Burns. Prentice-Hall, $5.95**

Why has this book become one of the "must" books in official Washington this winter? There is nothing especially new about Dr. Burns' thesis that the two major parties historically divide into factions that support or oppose an incumbent President; this is the sort of political history every man knows if he merely stops to think about it. Dr. Burns' recounting of America's "four-party politics" since Jefferson and Adams is fair, orderly, factual, neatly documented. He writes competently, but without brilliance or grace. One nods.

Then, abruptly, Burns tosses his academic robe in a corner: "I shall not pretend neutrality or detachment." He sets forth a grand design by which Liberal forces may capture the White House, reduce the Congress to complaisant impotency, and rule for decades to come. He is contemptuous of the foot-dragging, enfeebled, snail-like pace of government under the Madisonian system of checks and balances; and he is impatient when his idol, John F. Kennedy, falls short of a Jeffersonian decisiveness. At times he seems to speak directly to the President: "To achieve his own policy goals, he will have to turn from Madisonian methods to Jeffersonian. And if there are great dangers in such a course, there are also great opportunities."



How are the Liberal Democrats (or the Liberal Republicans, for that matter) to seize the main chance?

First, says Burns, the national government must control national elections. The Constitution should be amended to provide four-year terms in the House. ("Off-year elections usually raise havoc with the President's support in Congress.") The Twenty-second Amendment should be repealed, so that a strong and popular President again could run for more than two terms. The electoral college should be abandoned or reformed to give greater weight to the idea of direct popular election of a President.

Second, the national parties should be reorganized with grass roots financing and grass roots membership in such a way that the national committee can more effectively outflank and intimidate recalcitrant members.

Third, party leadership in Congress must be made subservient to the White House. "Clearly, the institutional bases of minority and obstructionist politics, such as the seniority system, must go." The power of Southern committee chairmen must be broken, and greater authority given to party policy committees subject to the President's control as party leader. The President "must interfere, and openly so," with the handling of his bills in Congress.

THE Burns plan is heady stuff. For a Nelson Rockefeller, it would mean "that he be willing, at least for the short run, to jeopardize support among highly conservative Republicans and in the more rural areas of the North." For Jack Kennedy, it would mean "that he risk losing the electoral backing of conservative Southerners—to such an extent that he might have to write them off and undertake the herculean task of building a new basis of Democratic support in the South, and one that would pay off politically only in the long run."

Now, it is impossible in this short

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space fully to defend the Madisonian system from Professor Burns' assault. It will suffice to say that most conservatives are by instinct and observation wedded to this intricate chain of cuffs and fetters. Together, these form the links that bind the wild ambitious beast of government. Through the very obstacles and delays that agonize Dr. Burns, blind innovation may be checked and the monolithic power of federal authority may now and then be blunted. These often contradictory forces make up what Burns himself describes as "the profound and pervasive political stability of American society." They are the controls by which the body politic retains its balance. Once the hurdles and pitfalls were cleared away, the path to tyranny would open like a straight, smooth road to the man on horseback.

One asks: Is there serious prospect that Dr. Burns' program will prevail? I can venture no comfortable assurance of its repudiation. Any student of the 88th Congress can make a convincing case that the time for revolution is ripe. And Burns is not Mr. Kennedy's biographer for nothing; he knows his young President as intimately as another political philosopher knew his Prince five centuries ago:

"A wise prince must rely on what is in his power, and not on what is in the power of others . . . Princes, so far as in them lies, should avoid placing themselves at the mercy of others."

That was Niccolò Machiavelli, of course, tickling the ear of the Magnificent Lorenzo di Piero de'Medici. Dr. Burns, I surmise, will not seriously disclaim a certain parallel.

UN "Operation Smash"

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

As it says in Holy Scripture, "Would that mine enemy would write a book." We must all be very grateful to Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, who has indeed written a book, a whale of a book called *To Katanga and Back,* about what happened to him in the Congo and why he unleashed the little "September war." He deserves our gratitude for many reasons but, first, for his extraordinary frankness both about himself and about the United Nations.

He makes no secret of his bias. He is, he says, "temperamentally not much inclined to 'letting the Tory dogs have the best of it,' even momentarily." He doubts whether he "would feel less free in the Soviet Union than in South Africa, or Portugal, or Spain, or French Algeria, or Guatemala, or Southern Rhodesia." Even those of us who were most puzzled by his behavior found it difficult to credit the suggestion that he was really seeing the Congo in terms of Irish partition with the British Government as a familiar villain; but, so help me, it now appears to be true.

About the United Nations he is no less ruthlessly candid. The book starts with a letter from U Thant reminding him that Staff Regulation 1.5 specifically forbids him to write a book of this kind. Dr. O'Brien thinks that, in the long run, the UN will be better served by publication of the truth; but one does see U Thant's point. What follows is a record of duplicity every bit as shocking as the UN's severest critics suspected.

The opening chapters shed some much-needed light on the 38th floor; within those rarefied offices the inner ring of officials make their decisions with lofty contempt for the views of common delegates. When Dr. O'Brien's story begins, two factors had recently changed. In Washington, the Republican Administration had been replaced by a government much more congenial to Mr. Hammarskjold; and the Irish Delegation had turned leftward, notably on the question of admitting Red China. Dr. O'Brien was associated with this leftward turn, just as he had been associated with an anti-British policy over Cyprus and an anti-French policy over Algeria. He was, thought Mr. Hammarskjold, obviously the right man for Katanga.

At least Dr. O'Brien assumed, not unreasonably, that Mr. Hammarskjold must have appointed him on such grounds; and this assumption colored his actions afterward. He took it as an implied directive. For public consumption Mr. Hammarskjold might toy with calculated ambiguities, but "he had very clearly indicated" that, in his interpretation of the latest UN Resolution on Katanga, he was guided not by the cautious British view but by the Afro-Asian consensus. Dr. O'Brien's duty was therefore plain: it was to end the secession of Katanga, by force if necessary.

In Léopoldville and New York his colleagues were trying to "talk the secession of Katanga out of existence." In Elisabethville its existence was brutally clear. So, with the aid of a Tunisian UN official called Khiary, who "had no patience at all with the theory that the United Nations must refrain from interfering in the internal affairs of the Congo," Dr. O'Brien planned "Operation *Morthor*," during which Tshombe and his ministers would be arrested on vague charges, all public buildings seized, and the independence of Katanga declared at an end.

D-day came. Eleven UN soldiers and more than fifty Katangese were killed; over the captured radio station UN spokesmen urged the gendarmerie to rebel against their officers; but already someone had blundered. Tshombe, the big fish, had escaped. There could be no quick victory. Indeed, there could be no victory at all, for cunning capitalist forces were now ganging up on poor Dr. O'Brien. The capitalist press was hostile. The embassies of all the capitalist countries except America were hostile (but he received a telegram of congratulation from Dr. Nkrumah). And the British, the sinister old British, were exerting pressure on Hammarskjold, while giving aid and comfort to Tshombe.

Yielding to this pressure, Hammarskjold issued a statement saying that his troops had been called out because of arson in the UN garage, had been fired on, and were not merely "guarding installations." Not only was

To Katanga and Back, by Conor Cruise O'Brien. Simon & Schuster. $5.95

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this statement untrue, but, says Dr. O'Brien flatly, Hammarskjold must have known it to be untrue. "*Morthor* is a Hindi word. It does not mean 'Sound the alarm; there is arson in the garage' or 'Let us now assist the provincial authorities to maintain order.' It means 'Smash.' "

When Dr. O'Brien later attempted to make his own statements match Mr. Hammarskjold's, he was shamed at a press conference by the curious, heavily moustached figure of Mr. John Latz, an Elizabethville laundryman who is also an AP stringer. "That," said Mr. Latz quietly, "is not what you said." Being himself, as we have seen, a quite imprudently honest man, Dr. O'Brien was covered in confusion. It was the beginning of the end. What followed was his recall to New York, the unfortunate scandal of Miss Marie MacEntee, and his extrusion from both the United Nations and the Irish Foreign Service.

Dr. O'Brien has earned our gratitude for something even more surprising than the spectacle of an ex-civil servant telling the whole truth. Almost alone among doctrinaire Liberals, he has written a tremendously amusing and engaging book. It is studded with agreeable quotations, enlivened by delightful images. (When Dr. O'Brien switched on the air-conditioner in his Léopoldville hotel, "it immediately projected into the room a dense column of yellow dust, like ambiguities coming out of a resolution.") At one point, disagreeing with an article about the extent of Tshombe's rule, he challenges the editor of the *Times* to a sporting contest in which Dr. O'Brien will walk through Central Katanga wearing leopard-skin insignia and carrying the flag of the Central Government, while the editor traverses the same region carrying a large portrait of Mr. Tshombe. "The executors of the loser will undertake to publish a posthumous recantation."

How can one resist such an author? It just goes to show, I suppose, that a man who is civilized and witty and charming may still, in practical affairs, be a dangerous donkey.

Opinion, the Public, Democracy

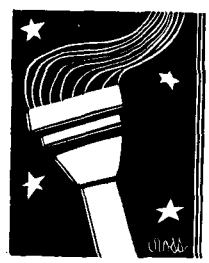
WILLMOORE KENDALL

A Theory of Public Opinion is 1) a survey of the vast literature that has grown up in the modern period around the concept "public opinion," 2) an analysis of the difficulties involved in elaborating a sense-making "theory" of public opinion, and 3) an inquiry into the conditions that would have to be met, in any society, in order for public opinion to be sound and healthy.

To the first of these three enterprises, the survey of public opinion literature, Wilson brings a formidable combination of strengths (scholarly detachment, knowledge of all the major languages of modern Europe, above all sheer doggedness and indefatigability). These make of his book, as a matter of course, a monument whose inscriptions no future writer on public opinion can safely ignore. The concept "public opinion" has a lengthy and far-flung (if not particularly glorious) history. For fairly obvious reasons, it has meant quite different things to different writers, according as they have attached different meanings to the word "public" and to the word "opinion." We have long stood in need of a book that would lay at least the major ventures side by side to see what, if anything, they all add up to. And if the reader, having at last seen them side by side, finds himself with the feeling that they don't add up to much, that feeling will only coincide with the author's own tacit judgment—which would appear to be that most of the literature to which the bibliographies lead you is irrelevant to the real problems of politics, and can safely be passed over. It is good to think that Wilson, by saving future students of politics from having to travel this dreary road themselves, may help them to concentrate on better and more profitable literatures and so on better and more profitable things.

A Theory of Public Opinion, by Francis Graham Wilson. Regnery. $7.00

As for 2), Wilson's inquiry into the difficulties with which an adequate theory of public opinion must cope, his major finding would appear to be: public opinion theory is merely a chapter of the general theory of political society; its "problems" are not so much inseparable from, as one and the same with, those of political philosophy itself; and no man is going to talk sense about public opinion, even on the level of definition and description, except as he moves from sound notions about the good political regime, the good life, the good man, and the good citizen.



Professor Wilson—as one would expect, since he is the dean of contemporary American conservatives who write on conservatism—means by sound notions those, quite simply, of the Great Tradition in political philosophy. That means, to go no further, that "opinion" cannot, in his hands, be other than opinion, understandable only over against that which is *not* opinion, namely, knowledge—a distinction likely to be lost on those political scientists who could profit most from Wilson's teaching. It means, again to go no further, that both opinions and the publics that "hold" them, can be *evaluated*, that is, adjudged more sound or less sound, more healthy or less healthy, more worthy of being taken into account or less worthy, in the light of *standards* that it is the business of political philosophy to discover and clarify. Strictly speaking, therefore, the difficulties of an adequate theory of public opinion are those of political philosophy itself, and so quite formidable; but still (of this Wilson will leave no perceptive reader in any doubt) quite small difficulties compared with those in which a man involves himself if he tries to think of public opinion, as most of our contemporary public opinion experts attempt to do, on the assumption that there are no standards of soundness, healthiness, and value. For that man

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can only bog down in intellectual and moral chaos and confusion.

As for 3), the inquiry into the conditions that would have to be met, in any society, in order for "public opinion" to deserve the commanding role in which it is cast in democratic regimes, Wilson here seizes with uncommon courage upon the central paradox of "democratic theory," namely: that the latter cannot, consistently with its premises, deny that a just government rests upon the consent of the governed, who are entitled, accordingly, to call the turns about public policy; and yet cannot place its bets on the vagaries of public opinion without, any way you look at it, inviting disaster. That paradox, he contends, lies at the heart of the democratic experience.

It cannot be resolved by men who simultaneously demand that democracy be made even more "democratic" (by giving the "public" ever greater power) and yet insist that "public opinion" is fundamentally, irretrievably, hopelessly, "irrational"—that is, by the kind of men who dominate American political science. *If* it is to be resolved, that is to say, it will be resolved by those who are prepared to make an act of faith in the potential rationality of the generality of men, and to place their reliance — Wilson succeeds, somehow, in saying it without sounding platitudinous—in the slow processes of *education*. Not, of course, education as it is understood over at PS 93, Horace Mann Elementary School, but education conceived as that which takes place in a society where there is a correct relationship between its proper teachers and its proper pupils; that is, between its true "intellectuals" (those who live the life of the intellect with *all* its responsibilities) and its laymen. But such a relationship, Wilson believes, can emerge only where the intellectuals are at one with, rather than at war with, the society's tradition and can engage in discourse with ordinary people.

The great disasters that impend in our contemporary democracies are, in consequence, to be traced not to failings of the "common man" as such, but to the fact that our intellectuals are in full rebellion against the wisdom of the past, and to the consequent fact of a wide and aching gap between them and the common man (who remains, if I understand Wilson correctly, a pretty good carrier of the tradition). Any optimism he expresses about the rationality and educability of the generality of men is, you may be sure, fully balanced by a healthy pessimism as to what can be done about the intellectuals, whose treason has an inner logic that can only lead on to further, and ever more irresponsible, betrayals.

Science Fiction

Jackets and Footnotes

THEODORE STURGEON

"Naked, he cowered in the undergrowth, careless of the cruel thorns. He knew the old man wanted him, and young as he was, he knew what that old man meant to do. . . ."[1]

"All she had was her innocence. This is the powerful story of what she lost, and the startling way in which she came to terms with a world she never made. . . ."[2]

"The uncompromising glare of show business reveals the lives of two couples, each a brother and sister, each—more than that to one another. . . ."[3]

CONCEDING immediately that we made these up out of our own angry head, we assert that the jacket legend on the new Heinlein is of a piece with them: "...author of *Starship Troopers* and *Strangers in a Strange Land*," it says. Now, Robert Heinlein is a writer of such parts that the use of these fleamarket tactics is uncalled for. Anyone who was moved or excited by either of the referent volumes is going to get a sad disappointment with *Podkayne*; and this is totally unfair to everyone concerned. Jacket blurbs, it would seem, are written by people who hate books, readers, and their employers —in that order. For every dollar earned by false or misleading labels, a hundred are lost by the disappearance of repeat business, a principle so simple that even a publisher's sales department ought to be able to understand it. Yet poor little Podkayne comes dressed as familial to *Stranger* and *Starship*—a procedure analogous to selling *A Child's Garden of Verses* as a sequel to *Treasure Island*. There's nothing wrong with *Podkayne* —but it happens to be one of Heinlein's swift, detailed, believable and excellent juveniles, and just isn't in the same tent with what's on the bally-platform. And now we've been diverted from the book; there's no end to the injustice this stupidity engenders. Suffice it to say that the book is for any bright teen-ager you know, and is a slambang of adventure told well and, most unusually, from the viewpoint of a sixteen-year-old girl.

Teenagers have a right to be a little lofty, having made rather fewer mistakes than the rest of us, and occasionally it puts them in the way of learning a lesson. When we were one, and an ordinary seaman aboard a tanker, and used to spend endless off-watch hours in magazines, we took it upon ourselves to write an author praising a story, but demanding to know why she wasted her time slanting to trashy magazines. We vividly recall her starchy reply. "I write," she said, "wherever you may read me, as well as I know how." Our dearly beloved Clifford Simak, who has never written a bad book, irritates us with this one, because we feel he just hasn't written it as well as he knows how. His basic thesis—that

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Podkayne of Mars, by Robert Heinlein. Putnam, $3.50

They Walked Like Men, by Clifford D. Simak. Doubleday, $3.95

Time Waits for Winthrop and Four Other Short Novels from *Galaxy*. Frederik Pohl, Ed. Doubleday, $3.95

1—*Peter Rabbit*
2—*Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*
3—*The Bobbsey Twins at the Circus*

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Someone is acquiring the Earth by buying it up—is amusing. But it is well to remember Fletcher Pratt's warning: "Never ask your reader to believe more than one impossible thing at a time." Simak here throws at us such a plethora of shaggy dogs, sentient bowling balls, true-to-the-hair mannikins and vanishing dollar bills that we are deprived of pretending. For all that, the book is suspenseful and full of that how-*does*-it-come-out? quality. It ought to make a bangup "horror" movie.

THE BRIGHT and witty William Tenn, who has been called the poor man's Wilson Mizner, has the title novelette to a new anthology by Frederik Pohl. The story of Winthrop is several of the things good SF ought to be: high-level entertainment along with edged social comment, gadgets galore in a new culture. F.L. Wallace comes up with a very different adventure/love story, its heroes lacking one a body, the other, arms, its heroines, one mindless (well, in a way) and the other weighing a ton or so and having to live in a vat of acid lest she grow yet more unwieldy. It comes off, too. Damon Knight's is an unusual study of the age-old conflict between urbans and rurals, with a surprising counter to automation. Automation inspires Isaac Asimov too, in a vintage "laws of robotics" yarn in which the autom-outed victim is a scholar horrified by the perfection of a research-checking, galley-proofing robot. This *Galaxy* series has produced a number of these collections of short novels, and a good thing too, for otherwise the longer stories, with all their advantages of characterization and development, slip into limbo, since they haven't the bulk to see covers of their own, yet crowd titles out of short story collections. Oh: ye ed. says we should report that we wrote the fifth story in this volume.

Retrospect

Gentlemen, Blondes and Brunettes

ROBERT DRAKE

IT IS NO secret that today the comedy of manners—either in fiction or on the stage—is a genre sadly in decline. I refer, of course, to the "traditional" comedy of manners which deals with the world of high society. Little wonder, then, that it languishes in such a highly "informal" society as ours, which is often liable to mistake *averages* for *norms*; for it is the assumption of a norm or set of norms which gives the comic writer a point on which to rest his machine and without which his laughter is liable to become "undirected" and meaningless and finally meretricious and vulgar.

It is now more than thirty years since that "golden" girl, Lorelei Lee, emerged from the pen of Anita Loos as the "new" American heroine to titillate sophisticated readers of the Jazz Age. And Lorelei, whose "autobiography" is written, in "journal" fashion, in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (1925), and who then proceeds to write the official biography of her "girl friend" Dorothy in *But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes* (1927), would assuredly seem, at first glance, to be scarcely a comedy of manners heroine. She is a kept woman when we first see her, being "educated" by "the gentleman who is known practically all over Chicago as Gus Eisman the Button King." Her whole mystique of operations is based on a knowledge of the world which is as "innocent," amoral, and predatory as that of the tiger. Before her, the plutocracy of the Eastern Seaboard and the decadent aristocracy of Europe itself crumble just as surely as did the walls of Jericho before Joshua's trumpet.

Lorelei's triumph, which is one of the most devastating parodies of the American success story ever written, is insured because the world which she overwhelms has abandoned every standard of value except money and the outward show of respectability; and Lorelei can do business with them on both those grounds. (Significantly, she even gives up her career "in the cinema" because "of course when a gentleman takes such a friendly interest in educating a girl as Mr. Eisman does, you like to show that you appreciate it, and he is against a girl being in the cinema because his mother is authrodox.")

Dorothy, of course, is Lorelei's foil but by no means her sidekick. If Lorelei seems to operate only with her head, Dorothy seems to be guided more by the heart's precepts. She is the kind of girl, according to Lorelei, that "does nothing but fall madly in love with the kind of gentlemen who were born without money and have not made any since." In Lorelei's eyes, she is apt to be "unrefined" (a state perhaps as close to sin as anything in Lorelei's vocabulary); and she has made a veritable specialty of running out on millionaires because she quite often seems to prefer the conversation of a bellhop to that of a polo player. So when Lorelei decides to become an "authoress," she determines to write the life of Dorothy as a "lesson." But, as we might expect from Lorelei's "morality," "the life of Dorothy is not going to be so much for girls to resemble, as it is to give them a warning what they should stop doing." (Lorelei also appears aware of her "normative" function when she decides that "it would be nice for an American girl like I to educate an English gentleman like Piggie, as I call Sir Francis Beekman." What she means is that she is going to persuade him to buy her a diamond

Frontispiece by Ralph Barton 1925

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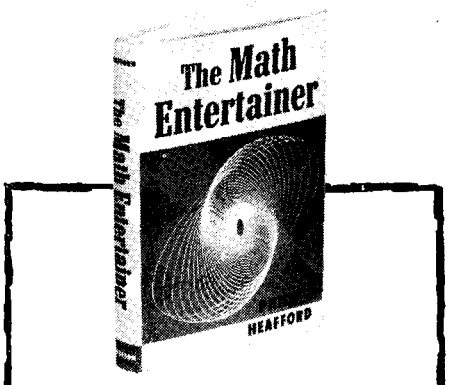

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—Richard M. Weaver

REGNERY

tiara because "it is a place where I really never thought of wearing diamonds before, and I thought I had almost one of everything.")

Though Lorelei is a sort of pseudo-norm (somewhat like Saki's irrepressible Reginald and Clovis) in the two books, Dorothy seems to represent more nearly a genuine norm which can be taken seriously. She has much in common with Congreve's Millamant in that she not only knows the way of the world but also knows just how much that world is worth. And it is she who may be as near to a mouthpiece as Miss Loos could allow herself in the books—and only then after "diverting" the reader with the pseudo-norm of Lorelei. In Lorelei, the Great American Dissociation between head and heart is complete. As she significantly remarks, "I mean I always seem to think that when a girl really enjoys being with a gentleman, it puts her to quite a disadvantage and no real good can come of it."

THERE is hardly any aspect of the Success Gospel which remains unscathed after the victory of Lorelei and Dorothy. The jungle ethic of the survival of the fittest, which Lorelei so perfectly embodies, horrifies even "Dr. Froyd," whom she meets in Vienna during her foray into the "Central of Europe" and who advises her "to cultivate a few inhibitions and get some sleep." And the debased Puritanism which gives the success myth religious sanction is trenchantly parodied in the person of Lorelei's husband Henry, the arch-Reformer, doomed by his moral astigmatism to be both a dupe and a cuckold. Lorelei understands such Reformers very well.

The American plutocracy, which tries to assume the privileges, without the responsibilities, of an aristocracy, is parodied in the Spoffards, Breenes, and others of their ilk. The Breenes, who want their son to marry and "settle down, and drink in his own home instead of in night clubs, where everybody [can see] him disgrace the old family name," resort to all sorts of underhanded methods to keep Charlie from marrying Dorothy; but, finally, after having her jailed on a trumped-up charge of possessing illegal narcotics, they are threatened by "Mr. Dudley Field Malone, who is one of the most famous lawyers on the side of the oppressed," into settling "a sum of $500 a month damages on her for the rest of her natural life." So Charlie and Dorothy are finally brought together; and Dorothy, who has begun to grow "very, very refined and full of ettiquet," insists on having a big church wedding and inviting not only all the Social Registerites but her friends from the Follies as well. And the "new" high society more or less acquiesces to the amalgamation. As Lorelei tells it:

> Well, all of Dorothy's friends excepted, and so did all of the younger society set of the Social Register, but the older set all refused. I mean with one exception, and that was old lady Vandervent who always looks on the bright side. And she had not learned what kind of a girl Charlie was marrying, because she only reads the Christian Science Moniter and does not know all the evil that is going on in the world.

LORELEI and Dorothy triumph because they have deceived themselves neither about the nature of the world they have to deal with nor the magnitude of their own resources. It is a truly "American" victory wrought by truly "American" calculation. Their triumph is, of course, a kind of judgment on the society which they force their way into; and we cannot but feel that both sides, verily, have their reward. But these novels are not merely cruel travesties of the comedy of manners, in which base natures are defeated by baser ones. They are perhaps comedies of bad manners, in which a basically vulgar society is defeated—but perhaps somewhat enlightened—by the very incarnation of its vulgarity. It is the defeat of a society of prostitution by the very apotheosis of Prostitution. But in such destruction there appears to be a kind of catharsis, if only the catharsis of an apocalypse; and we may feel that the very wreaking of that destruction is a kind of vindication of the comedy of manners as a genre of still considerable vitality.

Erratum

In our issue of February 12 the publication of *The Adams Papers* was attributed, through no fault of the reviewer, to Howard University Press instead of Harvard University Press.—Ed.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE NOVELS OF A. C. SWINBURNE (Farrar, $6.50). Swinburne, who was trapped all his life in his own adolescence, wrote two novels about that time of rapidly expanding sensations and harshly contracting inhibitions. Edmund Wilson, in his introduction to this edition, tries to make these tales major social documents that give us our one authentic glimpse of Victoria's aristocracy, seen through the clear, cruel eyes of a child, not the clouded, envious eyes of the novel-writing and novel-reading middle class. There is some of this historical interest in the stories; but when Wilson finds, in these suppressed tales, the promise of a great novelist's thwarted talent, sacrificed to the vaguer, more permissible sensuality of a second-class poet, he is succumbing to the critic's continuing temptation —"discovering" a neglected masterpiece that does not exist. The novels are, taken one page at a time, brilliant, like everything Swinburne wrote. But no one is alive in them; even the highly praised Lady Midhurst is only a carefully drawn caricature. Swinburne, describing himself as the adolescent hero of the novels, unconsciously gives us the reason for his own failure as a novelist: "for places rather than persons he had a violent and blind affection." If the novelist had been able to people his own world, so would the poet. As it is, the wonderful technique of Swinburne's poems can only create a world entirely uninhabited, a place of music but no men. G. WILLS

THE TYRANNY OF TESTING, by Banesh Hoffman (Foreword by Jacques Barzun, Crowell-Collier, $3.95). Banesh Hoffman has controlled a possible impulse to attack the merely silly and obscure, and has instead focused on the prestigious Educational Testing Service, whose multiple-choice tests have become a major, if not *the* major, basis for admission to college, and the model for tests admitting to many professional and graduate schools. While recognizing that "objective" tests are more quickly scored, Hoffman presents evidence that their "objectivity" is spurious. His chapter on statistics should be read by all who live in awe of a statistically significant correlation. The detailed analyses of specific test questions, some of which are explanatory "samples," the author's correspondence with his targets, and the high school student's attack on the answers (David and Goliath) deserve special note. It is encouraging that some graduate and professional schools are already actively seeking minds with the spark of creativity—regardless of test scores. Jacques Barzun, whose foreword to this volume should not be missed, must be given the palm for his early (*Teacher in America*) and continuing effort to restore man to a status higher than a checkmark. J. W. WIGGINS

COMMUNIST CHINA IN PERSPECTIVE, by A. Doak Barnett (Praeger, $2.95). This little book has the mark of the frontier (new) about it. Barnett repeats all the old clichés about Mao and the Chicoms: he is entranced by the mystique of the revolution—any revolution; he is a supporter of the idea of not frustrating Communist China; he suggests that frustration (that is, basically, the denial of diplomatic recognition) is a major cause of China's militancy. How to overcome the militancy? Simple, overcome the frustration. How to overcome the frustration? Guess.

W. D. JACOBS

"BEAST" BUTLER, by Robert Werlich (Quaker Press, $3.95). A biography of Benjamin Franklin Butler, sometime Major General in the Union Army, which scrutinizes the nether side of his character. A practiced student of one-upmanship, nefarious Ben finagled, cheated, traded with the enemy, and suborned his way to within a tadpole's tooth of the Presidency. None could trammel him, and his *hubris* rendered him one of the most controversial—and one of the most hated—men of his time. His finesse successfully prevented the deluge of frustrated indignation that continually threatened to engulf him, but in the light of the present book Ben Butler, self-aggrandizer, stands present and properly accounted for, sir.

R. D. MACKENZIE

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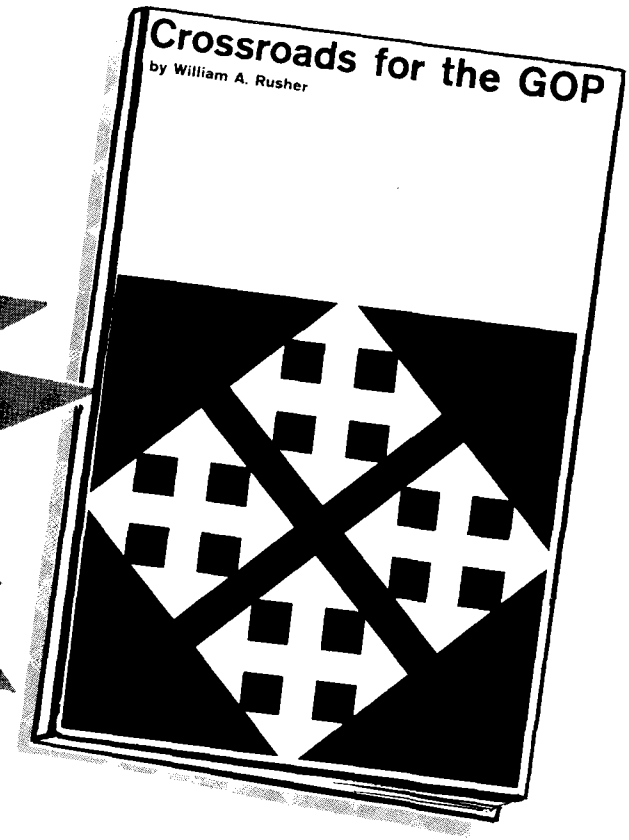

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To the Editor

Psychiatry and Liberty

Civil liberties for the mentally ill is certainly a complex problem, one that has long gone unnoticed. But Dr. Szasz [Mar. 12] does not give it the deep and honest appraisal it deserves. Indeed, he becomes so entangled in his own fury that the usual sparkle, the excitement of language typical of *NR* is lacking. And since this is why I usually read your magazine (since I regularly disagree with you), I feel doubly cheated.

The whole argument of the essay is illogical, almost hysterical. It seems almost adolescent in its suggestion that an analogy is perfect or capable of being pushed to ultimates; its usefulness is always more limited. One wonders if the author admits (politics, pressure and liberty aside) that some people should be committed because of violence detrimental to society—the contrary impression obtains here that *no* man, whatever his condition, should be under supervised control.

Syracuse, N.Y. SR. MARY PAUL PAYE, R.S.M.

Re Liberal S. Allen (cont.)

Steve Allen in NATIONAL REVIEW? How sophisticated! As a faithful reader of your magazine and a sometime watcher of Mr. Save-the-Children, let me congratulate you. If Bertrand Russell is free from *Playboy* next month, might I suggest a cute little better-Red-than-dead article by him?

Godfrey, Ill. JOHN BOLAND

Steve Allen seemed to resent that, in a country priding itself on freedom of speech, he "awoke to find a large sticker reading 'LIBERAL' had, so to speak, been pinned to my chest."

But what does *he* say of the Spelvins? "Let us say *Mrs.* Spelvin is a *conservative*, and *Mr.* Spelvin is a *reactionary*." So Comedian Allen has some skill at pinning stickers, too?

San Francisco, Calif. ED SULLIVAN

I predict that Steve Allen's talents will soon decay and fade away. The keys of his piano will jellify and drip onto his carpet. How can he alone retain his hold on things when, as he claims, reality changes constantly? He will be the first to agree with me, since this is the kind of changing, relativistic world he pictures in his philosophy.

New York, N.Y. RAE GREENSTONE

Steve Allen's contention that "down through history creative people of all sorts: painters, novelists, poets, playwrights, musicians . . . when they have been socially conscious at all, have almost always been to the left of political center . . . " is a highly provocative statement, as is his surmise that this fact "*proves* nothing although it *suggests* a great deal." Conservatives will be eager to challenge Allen's generalization, but before they rush in, let them take note: the correlation has already been established. However disagreeable the statistic, conservatives will have to live with it. A colleague and I are, in fact, currently writing a book which undertakes a fairly exhaustive analysis of the "politics of art." We were, admittedly, discouraged at first: there were some seemingly damaging Negative Instances (the arch-nationalist and medievally schematized Shakespeare; the aristocrat and classicist Goethe; closer to our own day, the quasi-fascistic Lawrence, the reactionary Yeats, the conservative Frost). I do not hesitate to mention a few other Negatives (the list is seemingly—but only *seemingly*—impressive). Novelists: Balzac, Melville, Hawthorne, Scott, Jane Austen, James, D'Annunzio, Lawrence, Dos Passos (Conrad and Faulkner seem to be middling, with a few discernible Burkean sympathies). Poets: Spenser, Shakespeare, Goethe, Vaughan, Dryden, Pope, Johnson, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Swinburne, Tennyson, Arnold, Bridges, Lawrence, Claudel, Yeats, Frost, Eliot, Pound, Campbell. "Creative" philosophers: Plato, Montaigne, Nietzsche, Emerson, Newman, Carlyle, Santayana, Malraux, Burke, Vivas. As for plastic artists and musicians, the vote looks solidly Left (though our book does not attempt to cover them); a few Negatives—*e.g.*, Botticelli, Reynolds, Cézanne, Haydn, Schumann, Musorgski, Wagner, R. Strauss—are, of course, visible at once.

Only a sciolist will find this or the full list of Negatives *truly* impressive. After all, for every conservative Genius—a Shakespeare, a Plato, a Goethe—there are ten Liberal Talents. More to the point, many of the Negatives are overrated; few of them, in fact, are artists of real excellence. In a number of instances, their influence has been restrictive and divisive, rather than truly creative. And they *are* a minority; and the exception proves the rule. We have, in fact, been able to relegate most of the names mentioned above to footnotes.

Omaha, Neb. ROBERT BEUM

Down through history creative people of all sorts: painters, playwrights, musicians, composers, sculptors, and

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actors, have sometimes been adulterers, atheists, dope addicts, drunkards, or homosexuals. This, of course, *proves* nothing, although it *suggests* a great deal.

Northbrook, Ill. MIMI CHAN

To counteract the acrimonious invective you must be getting from unreconstructed reactionaries in re Allen's piece, let me say that I agree with every word of it—almost—and I was happy to see it among the thorny pages of NATIONAL REVIEW.

New York, N.Y. CORINNA MARSH

Mr. Steve Allen's advice is, when the commercials are taken out of it, suggestive of one who protests too strongly. It is Mr. Allen's privilege to be, do, and endorse anything which suits him, within the laws of the land and the customs of our civilization. I fail to understand, however, how one can register his displeasure with one who admits to being an entertainer, except by refusing to attend his performances in person or by remote control. How does one, for example, express his rage when Mr. Jack Paar uses his sponsor's time to become a propagandist for Castro? How would one protest Mr. Allen's activities on behalf of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy?

The answer is found in the Gorgias. There, when Socrates objected to the long-winded rhetoric of Polus and suggested that he would leave if Polus did not tone down the length and dissembling character of his remarks, Polus accused Socrates of not believing in free speech. But Socrates said that he believed in free speech. He also believed in one's freedom to listen or not to listen.

St. Petersburg, Fla. ROBERT J. NEEDLES

Just today I read my second issue of your "learned" journal and found that there was great improvement over the first one. This improvement, I found, was due to the inclusion of the very intelligent article by Steve Allen—an individual whose perceptiveness and intelligence is in stark contrast to the ignorance of your other contributors.

Washington, D.C. STEVE J. GRATSEAS

If Steve Allen thought he received "lumps" for declaring himself a "Liberal," he ought to try being a conservative! That's one minority group for which there is no Federal Aid.

Dell City, Texas MRS. DOYLE L. ZILER

Lecteuse Clamat (cont.)

I agree with Mrs. E. F. Wakefield who complained in "Lecteuse Clamat" [Feb. 26] that your writers use foreign languages too much. Even the *English* of writers like Buckley and Rickenbacker is obscure enough.

Chicago, Ill. J. VALENTINE BARTON

สมอารมณ์ป่อง ทั้งพวกพ้องปรีดีเปรมเกษมศรี ว่าอยู่เย็นเป็นสุขทุกเดือนปี แม้นใยนี้ถามโรคทำโศกกาย ว่าคงจะเยาย่างเหมือนอย่างว่าหรือถามหาลูกหนีพ้นองหาย ว่าคงพยพักตร์เหมือนทักทาย หรือถามหมายหาลาภไม่หยายคำ ว่าช้า ๆ คงจะสมอารมณ์นึก ได้ถังกึกเหล่ากอเป็นข้อข้ำ ถามหาคู่คนักเหมือนชักนำ ขอยคำไว้ทำเท่านี้เอย ฯ

—ED.

Puis-je vous éclaircir sur une faute dans le titre d'une lettre? Tandis que "chanteur" se transforme en "chanteuse" la plupart des noms qui terminent en -teur au masculin veulent le suffixe -trice au féminin. Il est de même en ce qui concerne le mot "lecteur." Donc on devrait lire "Lectrice Clamat."

New Haven, Conn. MAURICE LEIBOWITZ

Lectrice, ist das nicht das, was Consolidated Edison hervorbringt? —ED.

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Cheers for Rocky

Your February 26 issue carries a comment on Rep. Craig Hosmer's "one-man assault" on President Kennedy's position on nuclear testing. Rep. Hosmer deserves to be commended for his efforts. But he has not been alone in his criticism of the Kennedy position. The most persistent critic of the Kennedy Administration on the whole subject of nuclear testing has been Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller of New York.

On October 25, 1959, when other Republicans were generally avoiding the subject, Governor Rockefeller called for a resumption of nuclear testing. Throughout 1960, on at least a half-dozen separate occasions, Rockefeller publicly urged immediate resumption of testing.

Since President Kennedy's election, the New York Governor has repeatedly expressed alarm about both the Administration's testing policy and its handling of disarmament negotiations with the Soviet Union. He has been particularly critical of the continued weakening or "watering down" of U.S inspection requirements for a nuclear test ban treaty, a matter which he carefully documented in statements in August 1962 and January 1963.

East Brunswick, N.J. FRED SPEAKER

Coexistence—Then and Now

As a supplement to Thomas Molnar's review of *Facing the Dictators*, by Anthony Eden [Feb. 12], the following opinion may be of interest:

"You may say we may not approve of dictatorships. I think, perhaps, most of us in this room do not approve of them, but there they are. You cannot remove them. We have to live with them."

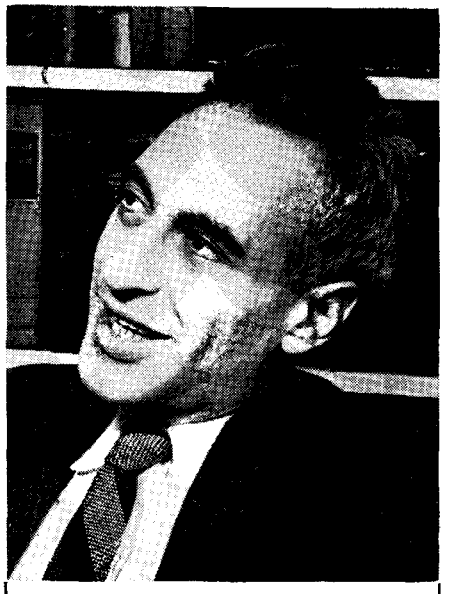
The familiar doctrine of "peaceful coexistence" (as enunciated by Neville Chamberlain at Birmingham on April 8, 1938—less than six months before Munich).

London, Canada DR. K. H. W. HILBORN
University of Western Ontario

Soustelle a Tort

De Gaulle has banned the Paris appearance of a dancer who fled from Communism to freedom. De Gaulle's reason is his fear of offending Khrushchev. He hasn't "broken with the West"; he's just going JFK one better.

Paris WILLIAM ARRINDELL



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Cud It Be?

I have just skimmed the butter parts of NATIONAL REVIEW [Mar. 12], which was hei-to-fer stalled in a pasture-ized mooed, but now seems to have herdled into a bellicose brand of Angusiety. Ruminating through this deranged effort leaves one Aiken. I count seven cowardly *ribs*—I'll steak a subscription on it. Right?

Wait until the Bullsheviks hear about this!

Paramus, N.J. SUE KLEIN

Wrong. Eight. —ED.

Seminal Thoughts

"Who will save us from the millennium? Ghosts, apparently, says . . . Theodore Sturgeon, reviewing Kirk's novel *The Surly Sullen Bell* . . . more fascinating than anything else in its genre to come out in fifty years." ("In This Issue," Feb. 12, p. 91.)

"Dr. Kirk writes . . . the Gothick tale quite as well as anyone in the past sesquicentury." (Theodore Sturgeon, *ibid,* p. 120.)

Now, what's your trouble, buster?
Are prefixes your blight?
Or were you in a hurry
Three wrongs to make a right?

It takes a hemionus
Sort of mind to make
A semi- of a sesqui-,
A compliment to break.

I said (and, dammit, said it pretty well)
That man, and no one's ghost, is man's reprieve.
I never called Kirk's *Surly Sullen Bell*
A novel. Last, without a by-your-leave
You robbed the author of a hundred years
And made faint praise of my sole burst of cheers.

Woodstock, N.Y. THEODORE STURGEON

Literature in the Times

Last week's version of my article failed either to quote from the "self-congratulatory article" in the *Times,* or to mention some of the choice examples of poor prose which contradict its claims. If every literary section could share in the blessings of *Times* stylists and copy-readers, wrote J. Donald Adams, "we would be spared a lot of bad writing. I refer to the . . . inaccurate, ambiguous,

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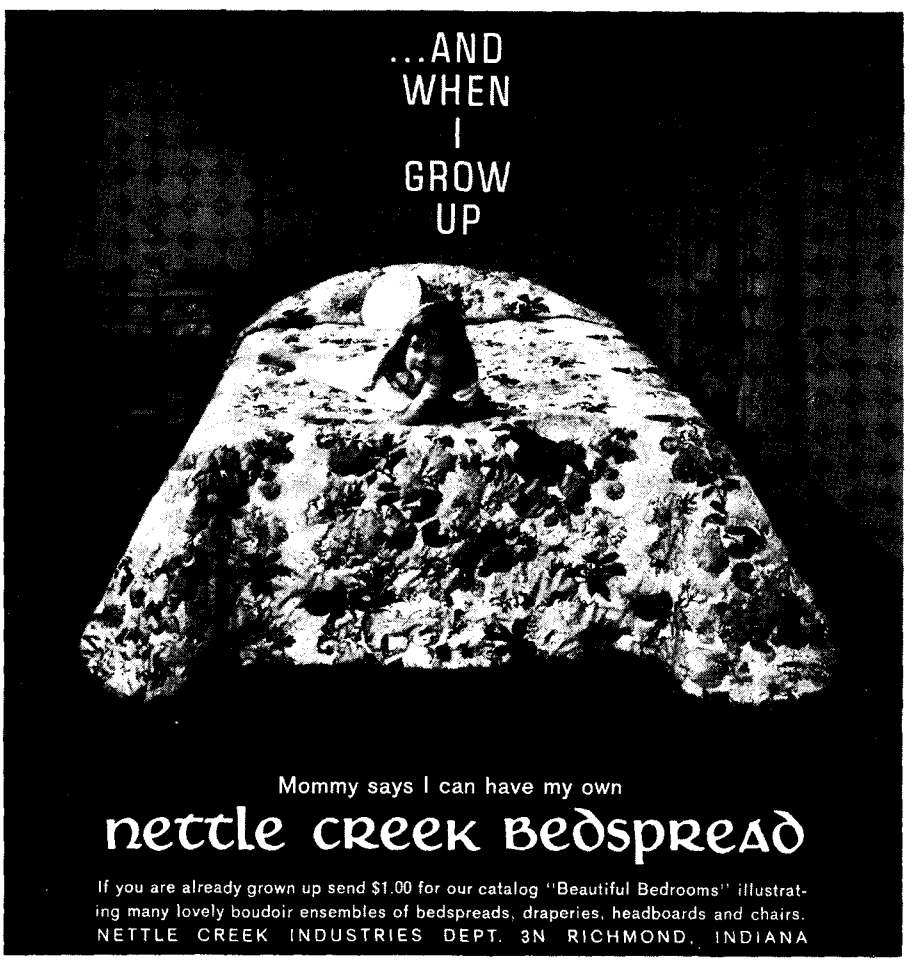
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"THE SHARON STATEMENT" of the Young Americans for Freedom (drafted at the group's 1960 meeting at Sharon, Conn.).

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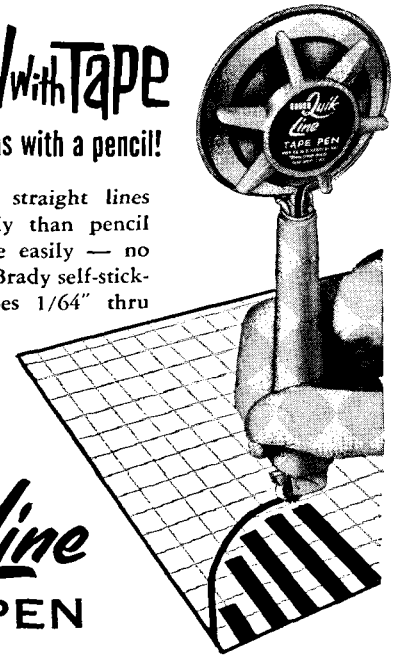

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pretentious, and redundant ways in which words are too often used."

Taking Mr. Adams categories in order, we have:

1. Bad writing: "Nit pickers will find a few niggling errors here and there. To pick a particular nit, Count Almaviva's aria. . . ." (Oct. 14, p. 18)

Mixed Metaphor Department: "It enabled Nock to rub shoulders naturally with most of the great minds that ever lived. It made him that rare human being who is able to keep his head in the clouds while his feet are on the ground." (Sept. 30, p. 3) "He inevitably must recall how the phrases now burning his flesh once so smoothly slid off his pen." (Oct. 7, p. 2)

2. Inaccurate, Ambiguous, Dangling Participle Department (the autobiographical Swede): *"Dangerous Journey* is translated from the Swedish of a young Hungarian who is now a Swedish citizen and may well be autobiographical." (Aug. 12, p. 26)

3. Pretentious, Literacy Level Department: "Sometimes, *guided by blind chance,* you pick up a book, read it, and make an exciting discovery." (Sept. 16, p. 40) "The book is sprightly and *easy to read* but *would have profited from the use of illustrations.*" (Aug. 12, p. 25) "Readers *who take fiction seriously* have particular reason to be grateful for paperbacks." (Aug. 12, p. 25) "It is when these sparks strike *in our own dull minds* that we are most grateful to him." (Sept. 30, p. 16)

The dull-minded reader, who may or may not take fiction seriously, but who, when blind chance actually prompts him to pick up a book *and* read it, prefers that the book should be illustrated and easy to read, is the ideal subscriber to the *Times.*

4. Redundant, Buffered Tautology Department: "He may succeed in dealing successfully . . ." (Sept. 30, p. 2) "Today one must know the avant guard dramatists to know the modern theater." (Sept. 30, p. 1)

Finally, in no particular category, the prize sentence of them all: "It is written in prose so clean, so aristocratic, so unpretentious that it reminds me of pump water in a New England scullery in the apple season before the age of the automobile." (Sept. 30, p. 2)

Clearly the *Times* aspires, with Mr. Adams, to that clean, aristocratic, unpretentious, pre-automotive apple season, scullery pump water prose.

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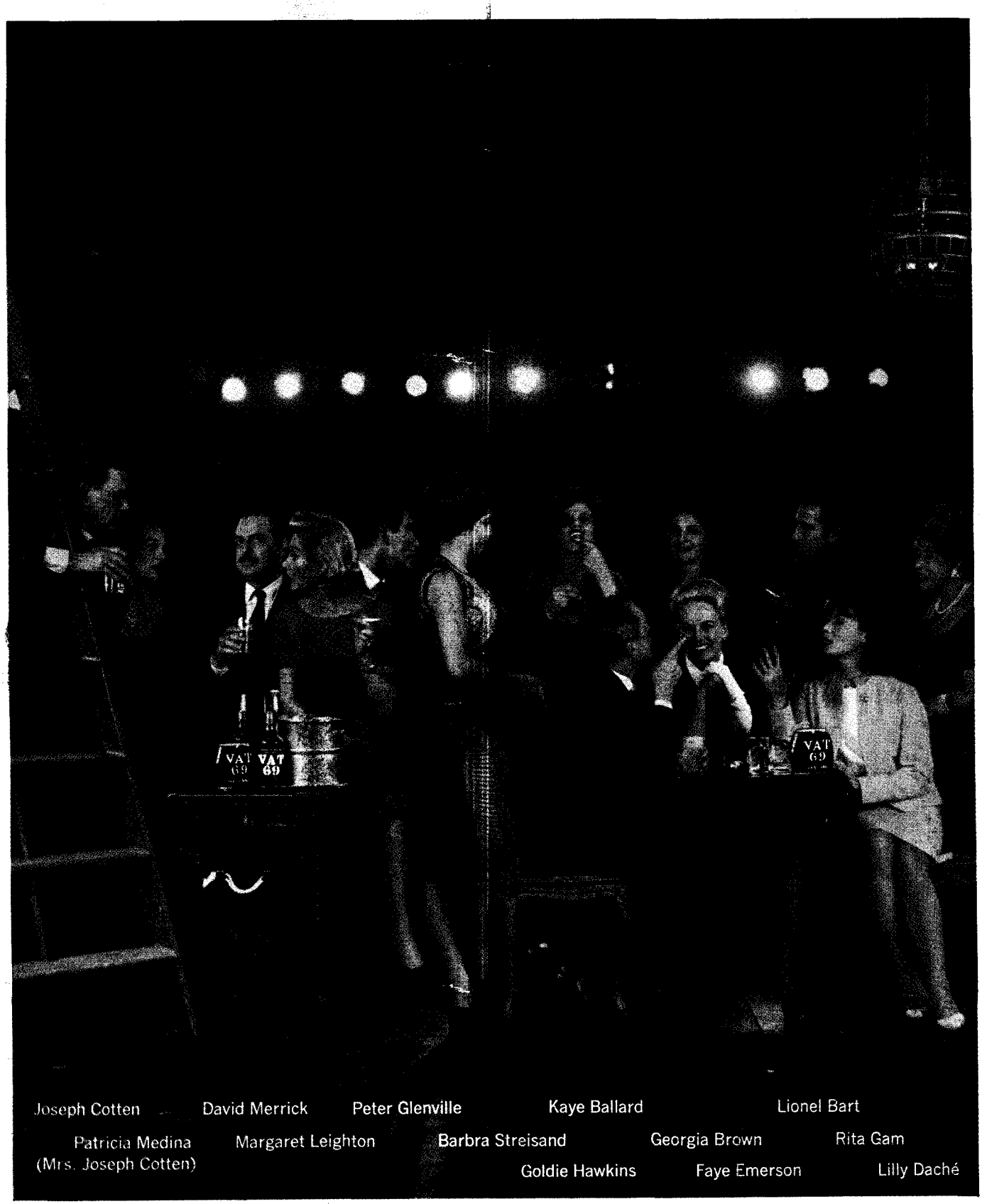

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